The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1896.

The Week.

THE quality of the statesmen who are attending to peace and war for us in Congress was well illustrated by Mr. Hitt's part in the debate on the Cuban resolutions on Friday. We believe Mr. Hitt is excused by some for his share in the follies of the House on foreign affairs, by alleging that, in joining the crazy men, his main object is to prevent their doing more serious mischief. We often head lunatics off, as every one knows, by pretending to share their more dangerous delusions. On Friday, however, he seems to have given up the rôle of a restraining influence and thrown in his lot with his patients. When the Senate concurrent resolutions on Cuban belligerency came down to the House on the 2d of March, the second was the following:

"Resolved, further, That the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the President to the Spanish Government, for the recognition of the independence of Cuba."

Of this resolution Mr. Hitt said, in the debate which followed:

"Every gentleman, on hearing that suggestion made and that proposition presented to him, must think for a moment what would be the response if a proposition were made to our Government, for example, by a British Minister, presenting resolutions adopted by the British Parliament, asking or desiring us at once to recognize the independence of Texas, or Florida, or of Michigan. How long would he remain in Washington after presenting such a proposition as that, after the self-respect of our Government had been thus insulted?"

And more to the same effect. Here the chairman of the House committee on foreign relations is restraining the crazy men of the Senate, and reading them a lesson in international law and comity. He predicts war if any such resolution is passed, and is, to all appearances, absolutely *compos mentis*.

But the lucid interval is short. In one month almost to a day, without any known change in the situation, except news which he received from the correspondent of the *Mail and Express*, giving the exact numbers of the Cuban army, Mr. Hitt moved this very resolution himself, and supported it in a long speech arguing that the

"second resolution as adopted by the House was in more cautious form than that now proposed, and Spain, unless persistently seeking a quarrel, could not have resented such a proposition, while the resolution of the Senate proposing independence was more exposed to captious objection. But when a war between a parent government and a dependency had been going on for a considerable time, and when separation was the best solution of the war, the mediation or friendly counsel of another nation to solve an existing struggle by recognizing independence might be a truly friendly act; and this, in fact, has often been done."

That is, what was an insult on the 2d of March becomes on the 3d of April "a truly friendly act." It is hardly necessary to comment on this beyond saying that it helps us to understand the great hesitation in Europe to invest in American securities. Investors feel as passengers in a train would feel if they heard the engineer had handed over the locomotive to a party of schoolboys going home for the holidays. As for Mr. Hitt, we advise him to get out a text-book of ethics at once. We would guarantee it a large sale among highwaymen, who would be delighted to find that a demand for a traveller's purse is a truly friendly act if no offence is intended, and that to be knocked down and put in jail for it would only argue a captious disposition to seek a quarrel. We hope that Mr. Hitt's A. P. A. friends will not fail to see how he adopts the Jesuit doctrine of "intention," as explained by Pascal.

Senator Chandler's astonishing letter has called out a reply from the chairman of the committee on resolutions of the New Hampshire convention, Mr. Putney, which rescues Bill from his own charge that he was a coward, and leaves him a simple falsifier. It was not true, says Mr. Putney, that Chandler had been informed of the McKinley endorsement only an hour before the convention; he was told of it the previous evening. At first he said he would fight it, but afterwards sent word that he "would not contend." "You were not a coward," writes Mr. Putney soothingly; "you simply accepted the inevitable." This is prudence, not cowardice. It is imprudent, however, to tell lies when you are sure to be found out. On one point, though, Mr. Putney confesses his indebtedness to Senator Chandler. "I am glad," he says, "to learn that Mr. Reed is a bimetallist, for Mr. Lodge, to whom you make report of your stewardship, and whom you seem to recognize as his manager, has put him on a gold-bug platform in Massachusetts."

Here at last is Speaker Reed's long-sought opportunity to declare his views on the money question. People generally have not understood what a hard struggle he has had with his own nice sense of propriety in this matter of making his opinions known. He has been fairly aching, even burning, to come out in his own bold, bluff way and let the country know what he thinks. But would it be delicate? Would it not shock refined sensibilities? Would it conform to the amenities of the campaign? Those are the anxious questions he puts his friends who urge him to speak out. No man is more eager to do so than he; but just consider his position, the delicacy of the situation, the fitness of things. People might think he was a candidate for the Presidency. Would that be dignified? But the pinch of his difficulty has been the lack of fitting opportunity. He could not go out of his way to make an occasion. But he now has one made to his hand by Chandler. A grave question of veracity has arisen between Chandler and Lodge; one says Reed is a bimetallist, the other that he is a gold-bug. Now we affirm that it would be entirely proper for a public man, even a shrinking, sensitive public man like Mr. Reed, to come forward under such circumstances and say which was right. No one would accuse him of outraging the proprieties. We say nothing of the desirability of his coming out as Speaker, as a candidate, as a man who is asking the American people to give him the deciding power over the currency while refusing to let them know what kind of currency he favors; we put it wholly on the ground of his duty to settle the question of veracity between two eminent statesmen. That could be done, we maintain, without at all imperilling Mr. Reed's reputation as a retiring nature, which instinctively dreads publicity, and has chosen a political career only for its hermit-like attractions.

Each day's developments show more clearly the lack of sincerity in the support of Reed for the Presidential nomination by New England. District conventions in Massachusetts were held in two districts on Thursday. In each case the McKinley men insisted upon making themselves heard, and although in neither were they anywhere near a majority, they refused in one district to support a motion that the Reed resolution be made the unanimous expression of opinion, and in the other forced a change from "instructing" the delegates to support the Speaker to "recommending" such action. Joe Manley has had the New Hampshire delegates chosen on Tuesday week sign a statement that they were selected with the definite knowledge that they would unitedly and earnestly favor Reed's nomination, and that they will give him their cordial support, but they add that, "if forced to make a second choice, we shall try to represent faithfully the wishes of our constituents"; and one of them, in a dispatch to the Boston *Journal*, says that he thinks "Mr. Reed has a fighting chance for the nomination." This is not the way that victories are won. The most striking feature about the Reed canvass is the lack of heart in it. The Speaker has effaced himself during the past four months so thoroughly that he seems to stand for nothing, and his supporters find it hard to hold their ground against a rival who does represent something.

An interesting question of fact is raised by some comments of the St. Louis *Globe-*

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Democrat on the recent financial deliverances of the New York and Massachusetts Republicans. The *Globe-Democrat*, which has always been an earnest supporter of sound money, pronounces these declarations in favor of the gold standard "as impregnable as the Ten Commandments," characterizes them as "the Apostles' Creed of the Republican party," and maintains that one or the other, preferably the Massachusetts resolution, should be adopted literally by the St. Louis convention. It says further:

"The Republican masses are as sincerely and courageously devoted to honest money in 1896 as they were in 1875, when their representatives in Congress passed the law which brought every dollar of the country's currency up to the gold level in 1879. They are as unalterably opposed to bogus dollars of silver as they were to depreciated dollars of paper."

If this be true, how does it happen that so few Republican conventions come out for the gold standard; that the New Hampshire convention, a week after the one in Massachusetts, rejected all but unanimously a proposition to make a similar deliverance, on the ground that the latter was, as the chairman of the committee on resolutions puts it, "a gold-bug platform"; that the chief candidate for the Presidential nomination refuses to commit himself on the question of the gold standard; and that even "glorious Tom Reed" is declared by his friends, without any protest from him, to be that mysterious thing, a "bimetallist"?

We contrast in another column the attitude of Messrs. Hayes and McKinley on the currency question in 1876 and in 1896 respectively. It is worth while to set the financial plank adopted by the convention which presented the former as "Ohio's favorite son" twenty years ago, over against the one adopted by the recent McKinley convention in that State:

1876.	1896.
We recognize gold as the true standard of value, and the only steady and safe basis for a circulating medium; and declare that that policy of finance should be steadily pursued which, without unnecessary injury to business or trade, will ultimately equalize the value of the coin and paper dollar.	We contend for honest money, for a currency of gold, silver, and paper with which to measure our exchanges, that shall be as sound as the Government and as untarnished as its honor; and to that end we favor bimetallism and demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money, either in accordance with a ratio to be fixed by an international agreement (if that can be obtained) or under such restrictions and such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parities of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal.

The Republican Senators have found, much to their disgust, that their Populist allies are going to vote against admitting Mr. Du Pont of Delaware. It is suspected that the constitutional arguments against admission have not so powerfully impressed the Populist mind as the gold-bug argument. With Senator Blackburn lost to the silver forces, it would never do to let in a gold Senator. Delaware can get along with one Senator as well as Kentucky. Besides, if the next Senate is to throttle protection unless something is done for silver, the throttlers cannot be too careful how they keep their opponents in a minority. As we have before said, the argument against admitting Mr. Du Pont seems to us a very strong one, and we presume that some of the strict-constructionists on the Republican side of the Senate will not be sorry not to be obliged to strain a point and make a dangerous precedent under party pressure.

The *Herald* published on Thursday extracts from the message of President Diaz to the Mexican Congress, sent to that body the day before, which show that Secretary Olney cannot too soon begin enlightening the Chief Executive of Mexico on the Monroe Doctrine. Gen. Diaz said he had steadfastly refused to express an opinion on the Venezuelan dispute, though having received "invitations of an international character" to do so, because he was "not in a position to presume that the claims of England constituted an attempt at usurpation." This looks bad. A man who wants to know what the facts are does not show proper reverence for the immortal Monroe. Besides, this pretence of ignorance on Diaz's part is evidently hollow, as a casual reading of the American press, or even a slight attention to the opinions of our school-children, would have convinced him that England was wickedly putting her hands on just where the immortal Monroe had cried, "Hands off!" Worse and worse, President Diaz affirms that England's refusal to submit a boundary line to arbitration did not necessarily make her out a bloody villain, inasmuch as "the Mexican Government itself had declared more than once that it would not admit arbitration for certain territorial questions which, in our opinion, involved the honor of the country." After this, a weak assertion that he is in favor of the Monroe Doctrine, "properly understood," will deceive nobody. The whole thing looks to us like a deliberate insult, but we refer it to the larger wisdom of Congress, in which the Constitution has rightly lodged the duty of resenting insults to this our nation.

Gov. Morton has thrown the whole Platt machine into spasms by requesting Mr. Lyman, the State Excise Commissioner, not to appoint inspectors or special agents under the new law until his legal adviser has investigated the question whether or not they are subject to civil-service regulations. The news of this request created consternation among the army of applicants who had assembled at Albany to get the new "confidential" places. Instead of fighting for these places, they found themselves compelled to fight against the idea that the places could be obtained only after competitive examinations. Anything more absolutely disgusting than a competitive examination for a "place" is not conceivable to the mind of a practical politician. The mere sight of a room fitted up with desks, like a school-room, with pens and pencils and blank forms with printed questions to be answered in writing, gives him a sinking of the heart which in most cases produces nausea. He turns away with positive loathing, and declares that, rather than submit to such humiliation, he will leave politics for ever. This feeling was very strong at Albany on Thursday, according to the *Herald* correspondent, for that night "Senator Raines, John F. Parkhurst, and a host of other machine men were sitting up with Mr. Lyman, arguing that civil-service [*sic*] would be folly, and would be sure to fill his office with a lot of college graduates who don't know anything about life in great cities or practical politics."

The Boys feared that something of this kind might happen, but they thought the Legislature had "fixed it" by declaring the offices "confidential." Lieut.-Gov. Saxton says that the new amendment to the Constitution expresses the desire of the people to have the merit and fitness of all applicants for office ascertained by competitive examinations, and adds:

"The question is, Does the Legislature make an exception by merely declaring a position to be confidential which is not in reality confidential? If so, the Legislature can entirely nullify the civil-service provision of the Constitution by declaring that all places under the civil service shall be confidential. We cannot change the nature of the thing by giving it a certain name. The question is not what the place is called, but what it really is. I must say that I can see no real difference between the confidential agents provided for under the Raines law and hundreds of other places now on the competitive list."

That is the view which is certain to prevail in the end, for it is precisely the one which has been decreed by the Court of Appeals, and if the Governor's adviser were to take a different one, the matter would not rest there, but would be carried into the courts for final decision. There is no escape for the Boys. They must make up their minds to the examinations, with the awful prospect that college graduates will run away with the "places" in the end, and will execute the law in the cities in complete ignorance of the intricacies and obligations of practical politics.

There seems to be little doubt that the sons of Tom Platt and Senator Raines had a "straight tip," a considerable time in advance, to the effect that some snug business for a surety company could be found when the Raines liquor-tax law

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should go into operation. Whether they did or not, they were lucky enough to have their company all ready for business when the law was passed, and were lucky enough to get the State Excise Commissioner to give notice that his appointees must get a surety company to furnish their bonds. The liquor-dealers must also have bonds, and, curiously enough, they are getting the idea that a surety company with Boss Platt's son as manager is undoubtedly the best source to go to for them. The rascals really think that in this way they may establish a "pull" not only on the Boss but on the Excise Department, which will be useful in enabling them to "beat the law" in various ways and escape the consequences. It is a wicked world, and our liquor-dealers have been educated to believe that a "pull" is the basis of our system of government. Their delusion is likely to prove of great business advantage to young Platt and young Raines, who, of course, suspected no such fortuitous aid when they set up their surety company. They would not mix politics and business for anything in the world; neither would their fathers permit them to do such a thing. But how surprised they must be at their wonderful luck!

We have examined with care the various arguments made in favor of consolidation, at the final hearing before Mayor Strong on Monday, to see if something really worth considering was advanced, but we have been able to discover nothing of the sort. Like all the arguments of the kind that have preceded them, the substance was mainly wind. Take, for instance, the speech of Mr. Parker, the Police Commissioner. According to the report in the *Times*, which is friendly to consolidation, this was in outline as follows:

> "He said it was sublimated nonsense to say there was any danger of a satrapy—a government of legislative commission for New York. He said that it was folly to believe the people of New York would be so supine, so slavish, so dead, as to permit any odious legislation to be fastened on them at any stage of the proceedings pending the completion of the proposed charter and the formal establishment of the government of Greater New York. All measures, he said, would come before the Mayor, and any citizen, as well as the proposed Consolidation Commission, could send bills to the Legislature affecting the form of government of Greater New York. There would be, there could be, no chance of odious or oppressive or misrepresentative government at any stage—certainly no greater than now existed or had always existed, under the present order. He reminded the Mayor that it took only fourteen months to provide the new Constitution for the whole State of New York. 'The bill does not increase New York taxes,' said Mr. Parker, 'and any attempt to loot New York can be stopped in a moment unless New York has gone daft.'"

In addition to this convincing disposal of all objections to the proposition, Mr. Parker turned upon one of the opposition speakers and withered him with this question: "Are you afraid to let the people elect officials?" This dear old question, "What! are you afraid to trust the people?" has been roared steadily during the last half-century or more by every practical politician who found himself at a loss for real arguments in defence of a shady political job. Mr. Parker got it from his old friend Jimmy O'Brien, who has thundered it hundreds of times, and has never failed to "shut up" his enemies with it. If that does not give us consolidation, nothing will.

The Mississippi Legislature has adjourned without advancing the scheme for an inequitable change in the distribution of the school funds. Early in the session it was proposed that only the school taxes paid by the negroes be devoted to the education of negro children. But the press of the State generally opposed the change, taking the position that it was the duty of the property-owning whites, and a measure of safety as well, to maintain the efficiency of the colored schools. Presumably because of this opposition, the measure lay upon the House table for weeks, and, when its friends had the temerity to call it up near the end of the session, it was rejected by a large majority. A companion measure, apparently conceived to accomplish much the same result in a less direct and less honest manner, also failed to pass. This provided that the poll taxes, now turned into the State Treasury, and thence distributed pro rata among the counties for school purposes, should be retained in the counties where collected. Payment of the poll tax is a franchise qualification, but very many of the negroes have not the concern about the franchise attributed to them by contested-election committees in Washington, and neglect to pay this tax. The result of the proposed change in distribution, therefore, would be to reduce the funds available for school purposes in the counties where the negroes predominate. The sentiment of the State, as represented by the vote in the Legislature, favors the change, on the ground that the present method is unjust to some of the counties. In the Senate the measure received the necessary two-thirds vote, but it failed of two-thirds in the House, although a majority voted for it. The newspapers of the State are in advance of the people on the subject of negro education, and it is likely that their growing influence will prevent any further attempts to weaken the support of the colored schools.

The National Liberal Federation of England voted at Huddersfield its "continued confidence in Lord Rosebery," but thereby hangs a tale which is unfolded by Mr. A. O. Hume, a Radical delegate from Dulwich. He declares that, before the convention, he wrote to the Secretary, asking whether he should be allowed to move a vote of no confidence in Lord Rosebery. In reply he was told that such an amendment would not be in order, though of course he would be at liberty to vote against the resolutions as a whole. In other words, unless a delegate wished to vote against a reaffirmation of Liberal principles, he could not vote against continued confidence in Lord Rosebery. Against such gagging tactics Mr. Hume protests, in a letter to the London *Times*, and proceeds to give the reasons why, as he says, hundreds and thousands of Liberal electors have no confidence in Lord Rosebery as a leader. The first is that a Liberal leader should be a Commoner, in favor of which much may be said, though it is by no means a conclusive reason. The second is that Rosebery is unsound on the limitation of the veto of the House of Lords, to which the reply might be made, What possible leader is sound, in the Radical sense? Much more weighty is the third reason, which is that Rosebery is "wanting in that earnestness of purpose and enthusiasm essential in any leader of the popular party." Not without a certain justice does Mr. Hume say of Lord Rosebery that, "sandwiched in between literature and horse-racing, he holds to politics as a gentlemanly and creditable recreation," but that he is utterly devoid of a "burning love of justice" and a "holy enthusiasm in the cause of man," which alone can invest a man with the power of a true democratic leader. One has but to think of Mr. Gladstone's flaming indignation on Bulgaria in 1880, to see the point.

Some people have wondered how Mr. Balfour could have so confidently affirmed, in his speech on bimetallism the other day, that the American people are "absolutely unanimous" in favor of the bimetallic standard. A philosopher who knows all about the foundations of belief, should not be above knowing something about the facts. But we think we have the explanation. Mr. Balfour gets his views of American opinion from Moreton Frewen. On the other hand, our bimetallists get their views of English opinion from Moreton Frewen. How do you know the American people are absolutely unanimous for bimetallism? Moreton Frewen says so, and he has just been in Washington, and has letters every week from Senator Lodge. What makes you think that England will be on her knees to the bimetallists in six months? Moreton Frewen told me so, and here's the last letter I had from him about it. Nothing like this expert international knowledge has ever been seen before. The funniest part of it is that, though an authority on two countries, Moreton Frewen is respected in neither. In England he is regarded as an amiable enthusiast. In the United States he is seen to know rather less about our politics than the Marquis of Castellane or Capt. Concas. But in either country there are some solemn persons who think him a perfect oracle about the other.

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HAYES AND McKINLEY.

TWENTY years ago, as now, Ohio entered a "favorite son" in the contest for the Republican nomination. The candidate was successful in the convention, and the Electoral Commission awarded him the Presidency. The national convention of 1896 is still about two months away, but the present Ohio candidate is far ahead of all his rivals, and his success is confidently predicted. In one respect, however, and that the most important of all, McKinley in 1896 is as far removed from Hayes in 1876 as one pole from the other. The Ohio candidate twenty years ago was so sound on the financial issue that nobody in the country could question his position. The Ohio candidate now is so vague and enigmatical in his outgivings that nobody can tell what he means.

Mr. Hayes came into national prominence through his election as Governor of Ohio in 1875, after the most interesting, exciting, and important State canvass known in the country for many years. The nation was then suffering at once from the business depression that followed the panic of 1873, and from the demoralizing effects of a depreciated currency. The Democratic managers in Ohio, and indeed throughout the country generally, except in the extreme East, thought that inflation of the currency would prove the most popular policy on which to make a campaign. They therefore renominated the veteran William Allen for Governor, on a platform which declared that the contraction of the currency already made by the Republican party, and the further contraction proposed by it with a view to the resumption of specie payments, had brought disaster to the business of the country and threatened general bankruptcy; and demanded "that this policy be abandoned, and that the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade, leaving the restoration of legal tenders to par, gold, to be brought about by promoting the industries of the people, and not by destroying them."

The Republican convention adopted a guarded declaration that "a policy of finance should be steadily pursued which, without unnecessary shock to business or trade, will ultimately equalize the purchasing capacity of the coin and paper dollar." This represented the cowardice of many Republican politicians, and, after the nomination of Mr. Hayes, he was appealed to by many of his party friends not to oppose an increase of the paper currency. But he refused to make any compromise, and sounded the real keynote of the canvass in his first deliverance, when he came out openly and boldly for honest money and against inflation. The campaign attracted the attention of the whole country for months, and the success of Mr. Hayes in what was then a doubtful State brought him immediately within the range of possible choice for the national convention the next summer.

Mr. Hayes continued as outspoken and emphatic on the financial issue after his election to the governorship as before. In March, 1876, he wrote Gen. Garfield that "the previous question will again be irredeemable paper as a permanent policy, or a policy which seeks a return to coin," and added that "my opinion is decidedly against yielding a hair's-breadth." The Republican national convention met the issue squarely. Its platform recalled the fact that, in the first act of Congress signed by President Grant, the national Government sought to remove any doubts of its purpose to discharge all just obligations to the public creditors by solemnly pledging its faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin, and declared that "commercial prosperity, public morals, and national credit demand that this promise be fulfilled by a continuous and steady progress to specie payments." Gov. Hayes warmly endorsed this plank in his letter of acceptance, speaking as follows:

> "It is my conviction that the feeling of uncertainty inseparable from an irredeemable paper currency, with its fluctuations of value, is one of the great obstacles to a revival of confidence and business, and to a return of prosperity. That uncertainty can be ended in but one way—the resumption of specie payments. But the longer the instability of our money system is permitted to continue, the greater will be the injury inflicted upon our economical interests and all classes of society. If elected, I shall approve every appropriate measure to accomplish the desired end; and shall oppose any step backward."

President Hayes's financial views were put to the test within a few months after his inauguration. He convened Congress in extra session on the 15th of October, 1877. On the 5th of November, Mr. Bland of Missouri carried through the House, by a vote of 164 to 34, a motion to suspend the rules and pass "an act to authorize the free coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal-tender character." During the following winter the Senate amended the bill so as to provide for the coinage of silver dollars to the amount of not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 a month. On the 28th of February, 1878, Mr. Hayes vetoed this bill in a most effective message, on the ground that, "if the country is to be benefited by a silver coinage, it can be done only by the issue of silver dollars of full value, which will defraud no man"; and he declared that "a currency worth less than it purports to be worth will in the end defraud not only creditors, but all who are engaged in legitimate business, and none more surely than those who are dependent on their daily labor for their daily bread."

Such was the financial record of the Ohio candidate of 1876—a record of which any man might be proud. By a curious coincidence the Ohio candidate of 1896 entered Congress at the same time that Mr. Hayes became President. The first test of Mr. McKinley's financial soundness came on the 5th of November, 1877, and he responded by voting with Mr. Bland for the free coinage of silver. The second test came on the 28th of February, 1878, when the question was whether the Bland-Allison bill should be passed over the veto of the Republican President, and again Mr. McKinley followed the lead of Bland, helping to make up the more than two-thirds majority that overrode the representative of his own State in the White House. The McKinley of 1896 is consistent with the McKinley of 1877 and 1878, standing as he now does on a platform that favors an undefined "bimetallism," and the coinage of silver under restrictions and provisions "to be determined by legislation," which holds out the hope that the Ohio candidate of 1896 would not veto any currency act that should get through Congress.

Can the Republican party afford to go into the campaign of this year under a candidate who began public life as the advocate of free coinage, and whose position on the silver question, after twenty years of service, is calculated to win the support of the silver monometallists?

THE GREATER NEW YORK SCHEME.

PRESIDENT LOW, in arguing last week for consolidation, made much use of the union of the States, by the framing of the Constitution, as an illustration of the advantages which result from bringing adjacent communities possessing common interests under one government. He said:

> "What did they do? They proposed a stronger union as to the matters in which the interests of the States were one, and they called a convention to prepare a constitution for the new Union. I ask you to notice that they did not in 1787 resolve that in 1789 the United States of America should be established, trusting to luck to be able, in the meanwhile, to frame a suitable constitution. They called together their wisest men, prepared the Constitution with the most careful deliberation, submitted it to the vote of the people in every State, and thus established the new Union upon a basis that was clearly understood, by the people to be affected, before the Union provided for became a living fact. I do not believe that it is possible to find a safer model to follow in bringing about the union that is aimed at in this measure for the creation of the Greater New York."

It is a pity that time and the occasion did not permit him to go more fully into the aptness of this analogy, because there are several points in it which need more clearing up. There has never been a more striking evidence of political capacity than the founding of this Government in the way described by President Low. On the other hand, neither New York nor Brooklyn has given any sign of political capacity, but they have been, Brooklyn through its whole history, and New York for at least forty years, gross and notorious examples of municipal disorder and corruption. Brooklyn is, and long has been, under the dominion of a corrupt and ignorant boss, three years out of five. New York has been for forty years under a corrupt boss with hardly any intermission. Total incapacity to found and carry on, not efficient, but even decent municipal gov-

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ernment, has long been the distinguishing trait of both of them. So that the notion that by uniting them, giving them larger revenues to be administered, a larger constituency to persuade or hoodwink, more holes and corners for politicians to hide jobs in, more laws to construe and interpret, more places to distribute among workers and Boys, we shall produce an orderly, well-administered municipality, is, we will not say, an absurd proposition, but one that needs far more elucidation than President Low has been able to bestow on it. There is nothing in our experience of men or of cities to warrant us in expecting anything of the kind, and yet we will not assert positively that it might not happen.

Now let us come down to the *modus in quo*. The States in 1787 sent their wisest men to frame the new Constitution and gave them plenty of time. It was the practice of every State at that period to employ its wisest men in the transaction of all, or nearly all, public business. Its legislators, governors, mayors may not all have been very wise men, but they were the wisest men there were. In making up the national convention, the States simply followed the local tradition. The members of it became members because they were the leading men in their own States. They were men of character and education and long and successful experience in public business. Now is there a vestige, or more than a vestige, of this great tradition left among us to-day? It was by almost superhuman exertion that we put a respectable business man in the mayoral chair last year, as the successor of a Tammany bummer. Our legislators are, year after year, the creatures of a boss, who sells their legislation, like prison-made goods, to serve his own purposes. There are only three or four men, and there have not for years been more than three or four men, in the New York Legislature, who speak their own thoughts or obey their own convictions. They do not need time even for such a measure as consolidation, because they neither discuss nor deliberate on any measure small or great. They "jam it through." They do not know any other way of making laws or framing governments. We dare not have a city council with real power, like other great cities of the world, because it would, we fear, be filled with ragamuffins who would plunder us wholesale. We have, therefore, to content ourselves with a Board of Aldermen which does little but license peddlers and draw its salary. Is it possible that by bringing two such communities together the resultant will be something wise and good and pure? Is it in the least likely that we shall send our wisest men to frame the common government? Is it likely that if we did they would be allowed to put into execution a really wise measure, if one of its results were to be, as it would have to be in order to improve our condition, the destruction of the power of the Boss? Is it not plain that before any union between the two cities can be properly effected, we need a far more thorough trial of the possibility of improving each city, through the instrumentalities furnished us by the constitutional amendments—that is, by more direct appeals to the intelligence and consciences of the citizens on city issues?

The truth is, and it is a truth which is visible all over the country, in Washington as well as in the States, that while our problems are increasing in gravity, we are making less and less use of our wisest men in their solution. No Congress we have ever had has had, or ever made for itself, more serious tasks than the present one, but no Congress has ever made such ludicrously ineffective attempts to perform them. Its efforts to provide causes of war, and to prepare for war, have been equally feeble and incompetent, and, as to domestic troubles, it has dismissed them with a smile. From our Albany Legislature we have got nothing good for years, except by a lucky accident or some extraordinary pressure, not revealable in debate. All over the country our official class is overwhelmed by the increasing complication of the work of government caused by our rapid growth, and although there are agencies at work—stern necessity is one of them—which must sooner or later furnish us with a better class of servants, we have not yet got them. The idea that Platt will furnish us with a commission capable of dealing with the consolidation question—one of the weightiest ever set before any community—with the care, the forethought, the constructive ingenuity, the sense of justice, the indifference to personal motives which its gravity calls for, is so novel, so startling, and receives so little support from experience, that the community may well hesitate for the moment to do anything about it.

The reorganization of the government of the City of London, a few years ago, was a much less difficult task than the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, and it is a kind of task in which the British invariably employ men of the highest training and ripest experience—their wisest men, in short—and yet it took many years of consideration and discussion to bring it to a conclusion. The attempt to reorganize the London government began in 1860, and a succession of bills for the purpose were introduced in Parliament in subsequent years by such men as Sir George Cornewall Lewis, John Stuart Mill, Charles Buxton, Lord Elcho, J. B. Firth, and Sir William Harcourt in 1884 (we are quoting Mr. Albert Shaw). It was not till 1888 that the final bill was passed. In other words, the scheme was debated for twenty-eight years by the ablest men in England, before it took final shape and came into operation. We have set to do more difficult work—T. C. Platt of Owego and Clarence Lexow of Nyack, and given them one year!

A LITERARY CRISIS.

FINANCIAL and political crises have been pretty thoroughly studied; the crisis of a fever is a well-recognized phenomenon; but a literary crisis has not been carefully defined. Hence we should not wonder at the loose and often conflicting terms in which it is described. The important thing to know is that such a crisis exists. All the authorities now agree that it does. A publisher's letter last week in the *Evening Post* showed that there is an unmistakable literary crisis in the United States; Sir Walter Besant has been ready to prove any time these five years that one is blighting British letters; and here comes M. René Doumic in France giving lectures on "The Existing Literary Crisis." M. Doumic is no mathematician to be lecturing on imaginary quantities.

Agreed as to the fact, our authorities are wide apart as to causes, manifestations, remedies. Mr. Tait says the trouble with American literature is that it looks too much abroad; M. Doumic asserts that French literature must look more abroad, or expire of inanition; Sir Walter Besant says—well, he says a great many things, but they always lead up to the duty of joining his Authors' Society. Mr. Tait thinks we "strangle" domestic authors; M. Doumic affirms that domestic authors strangle us. He seems to agree with an English critic who asserts that if the French naturalistic novel cannot move our hearts, it can at least turn our stomachs. Mr. Tait says we read too much and too indiscriminately; M. Doumic complains that we do not read enough: France will soon number but "a handful of mandarins among an illiterate people." But it is unnecessary to pursue these differences. A literary crisis exists—that is plain, we hope, to the meanest intelligence. It is marked by deep dissatisfaction on the part of authors or publishers or the reading public, one or all. Now for the remedies.

The first one is, to suppress competition. It is not stated in this bald way, but that is what is meant. The phrases are: Emancipating ourselves from "the colonial attitude"; stopping "the adoration of the foreign writer"; getting the press to devote more space to "domestic literature." All this means that there is a literary crisis because literature cannot stand competition, and that protection of the native product will cure the crisis. But this remedy is really a confession of inferiority. It is like dread of the evils of competition in society. "What shall we do with our boys," ask alarmed parents, "in the face of the fierce competition in all businesses and professions?" This question really means, as Leslie Stephen has remarked, "What shall we do with our fools?" A bright, energetic boy has everything to gain from competition. And so, it may be said, only dullard books have anything to fear from literary competition. Anyhow, they cannot escape it. This remedy

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is very like a prescription of a bottle of port and terrapin every day for a person on an income of $3 a week. The thing cannot be done.

If it were possible to dispose of living competitors, what are you going to do with dead competitors? Short of another Omar to burn the British Museum and all its works, the "dead hand" of literature will continue to labor, even if all modern authors go on strike. This was rather brutally put by a London publisher in controversy with the Authors' Society. Pay our authors more, he was told, or you will get no books to publish and will starve. Not at all, replied the publisher; it is you who will do the starving, for the reprints I can make from the stores of the British Museum will last me long after every one of you has been driven to manual labor. Needless to say, the authors shrank from the unequal combat, and continued to take their beggarly 10 per cent. and be thankful.

The other remedy is more to the point. Make literature prosperous by getting great writers to produce it. From this no one can dissent; but the trouble is that when they say great writer they mean great reputation. "Scarcely a year passes," says Mr. Tait, "without London making three or four great literary reputations. *How long is it since New York made one?*" Alas, my masters, how obviously "made" such reputations are! Here we come upon a very curious phenomenon. The public were never so eager as now to have a literary genius to pet and flutter about. They run off impetuously on false scents and at every hasty cry of *lo!* here, and lo! there. And if they ever do find the first sign or glimmer of genius, they straightway do their best to extinguish it. They do this by the method of what is called "making a great literary reputation."

The process has often been witnessed. An author produces something unusual, something showing an original turn, giving promise of genius. Immediately the signal is given, and the whole pack of destroyers of genius is let loose upon him. The reporter runs him to earth. The photographer levels the deadly camera at him. A dinner is given in his honor at the Aldine Club. He is invited to write for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Then the end is not far off. Only one step remains. It is to be "syndicated." Genius in the clutches of a syndicate is a melancholy spectacle. It soon becomes subdued to the medium in which it works, and appears as dull and ditch-watery as if the divine spark had never glowed at all. As long as we go so painstakingly about the work of putting every singer of native woodnotes wild in a gilded cage of publicity, of denying expanding talent the time to read or think or commune with its own heart, of making a great reputation by means of puffery and wind, it is certain that we shall not get ourselves out of perpetual literary crisis.

ITALY'S HUMILIATION AND PROWESS IN AFRICA.

ITALY, March 19, 1896.

ITALY for the Italians, Italy a pledge of peace in Europe, was the programme of Mazzini and Garibaldi; and after the consolidation of the country, with Rome for its capital, after stock had been taken of the moral, material, and social condition of the new kingdom, its wants, needs, and necessities were set forth—schools, the redemption of waste but fertile lands, attention to hygiene. Saffi, Bertani, Cairoli, and others of their stamp were from the first opposed to grandiose public buildings or useless railroads; above all, to the expenditure of increasing sums for the army and the navy. It was after the Congress of Berlin that the Jingoes began to murmur that "every nation of Europe had obtained something, Italy nothing." Then, when France took Tunis, a regular campaign set in for increased army and navy alliances in Europe, and a colony "somewhere." So Italy drifted into Africa, from Massowah to Saati; hence the massacre of the five hundred at Dogali, the shrieks for "revenge," the expedition sent out under San Marzano, the treaty of Utchialli, and the famous article which, in the Italian translation, gave Italy the protectorate over Abyssinia and bound the Emperor Menelik to treat with no European Power save through Italy's mediation. In return for this, Italy armed and equipped Abyssinia, so that it is absurd now to ask who gave Menelik his weapons. Italy at the Belgian conference secured him the right of obtaining them from Europe—*voilà tout!*

After the fall of Crispi's first ministry, the Rudini-Nicotera ministry, whose members had been opposed to any military occupation, still less extension, in Africa, affirmed that while they should not propose any withdrawal from what was now called the Eritrean colony, they should keep it well within the triangle Massowah, Keren, Asmara. They reduced the African budget from fifteen to eight millions, sent out Colonel Oreste Baratieri to make the colony self-supporting, and to organize it modestly and thoroughly, so that in the future it might serve as an outlet for the surplus peasant population, which is now compelled to seek a home in North or South America because the mother country cannot or will not find lands for them to cultivate. How absolutely he obeyed instructions, how completely he reorganized the colony, I showed in my last letter on Italy in Africa, a year ago, in your columns, and to-day, as I recall his last visit to me in Naples, his calm enthusiasm, his firm belief in the future of the colony, his full comprehension of the dangers and the difficulties of the undertaking—with hostile Dervishes, Abyssinians, warlike and jealous of any foreign usurpation, with France and Russia seeking to take advantage of any Italian blunder on the Dark Continent—which transformed the boy hero of the Volturno into a true heir of Garibaldi's military principles, I can no more understand the transformation of the last six months' action or inaction than I can subdue the bitter grief that, after the Adua disaster, fate should have chosen him for "the last of all his men that *could* not die."

All is clear as daylight until July, 1895. Kassala was occupied to prevent the Dervishes from invading the colony; and although all the anti-Africanists protested against this extension of its western frontier 500 kilometres from Massowah, yet inasmuch as England had given permission for this occupation, "with due respect for the territorial rights of Egypt," should such a step be deemed necessary for the security of the Italian possessions, on military grounds the occupation was intelligible. Further, when Baratieri found that the chiefs who had accepted service under him were betraying their trust, when he found that Ras Mangashà, in return for protection and assistance, was preparing to invade the colony, it was not only his right but his duty to repel the invasion and chastise the invader, which he did by his wonderful strategical marches and splendid victories of Coatit and Senafè. Yet that he was not intoxicated by these is proved by a letter after the victory to one of his most intimate friends in Italy, published in the *Illustrazione Italiana* by Ferdinand Martini, late Minister of Public Instruction, and a stanch believer in a commercial and agricultural colony in Africa. He knew that the chiefs, and especially Ras Mangashà, had not deserted the Italians without having previously made peace with Menelik; hence he wrote, and clearly with a keen remembrance of the detestation of the majority of his countrymen for African extension: "I have done my duty, but if I succumb, no one will compassionate my death or defend me if I survive." Then, if you take the documents, meagre as they are, from the Green Book published in July, 1895, every one of them depicts the strength of the Abyssinians and their resolution to attack the colony when the rainy season is over, and he repeats, "To insure peace we must be ready for war." The Government summoned him to Italy (July 7, '95), and he remained there till September, when he was recalled by despatches from Arimondi, warning him of the hostile attitude of the Abyssinians. One of two paths was open to him: either to insist on the total abandonment of the Tigre and of Agame, immense provinces of Abyssinia absolutely belonging to Menelik, or on sufficient money, arms, and men to attempt to hold them. If his alternative was rejected by the Ministry, then, for his own reputation and for the sake of his noble little army, for Italy's prestige, he should have resigned, and from his seat in the House given his reasons.

You must bear in mind the state of Italy during those months—the galleys, the prisons, full of political offenders; every day fresh suspects sent by the exceptional tribunal to *domicilio coatto* amid protests and menaces from their friends and champions; the banking scandals smothered, but resuscitating the most violent indignation and clamor throughout the country, and in the House a nominal majority for the Government of four-fifths of the Deputies. The financial difficulties, too, must not be forgotten, nor now nor hereafter would it be just to forget that, but for this African episode, Sonnino would have succeeded in laying the foundations for a budgetary equilibrium in a not far distant future. To have asked the House for supplies for extension in Africa would have been suicide for the Ministry when you consider the frightful state of taxation, the misery of the populations, the increasing emigration, the fact that there is a tax on wheat of 7 lire per quintal, that salt is 40 centimes per kilo, that commerce is stagnant and industry gagged at every point. During the last discussion of the African question, when grave were the cautions of the anti-Africanists, especially on account of the Russian "Mission," the Minister for Foreign Affairs answered: "As to reinforcements that might be needed in case of necessity for *local defence*, our warnings to the barbarians in Africa are, 'Before you from Shoa come to raid slaves and cattle in the

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Tigre, and you repeat your aggressions on the colony, our swift war-ships and our ready battalions will have more than time to help General Baratieri inflict fresh chastisements on you.'" During the examination of the budget, though screamed down by the majority, several Deputies pleaded for prudence, and Campi, a supporter of agricultural colonies, said:

"As an Italian I am proud of our victories, but do not let them inebriate us or induce us to adopt a programme of expansion. One of the great benefits of victory is that it gives us complete liberty of action. Now if we stop, if we even retrace a few steps, no one can say that we are timid or pusillanimous: our flag cannot be humiliated by this course. Signori, oh profit by this moment in which it is vouchsafed to us to be wholly wise."

In the same spirit, Branca, now Minister of Finance in the new Rudini Ministry, hostile from the first to expansion, said: "Even if we are victorious, Abyssinia will return to the charge whenever we seem unprepared or complications recur in Europe." To several motions Rudini was opposed, saying, "We simply take cognizance that the Ministry is pledged to permit no expansion and hold it responsible for the future." "I accept," said Crispi, and the House dissolved.

Baratieri returned to Africa, with what instructions we know not yet. After once more defeating the rear of Ras Mangasha's column at Debra-Ailat, he declared the campaign at an end, and annexed the entire territory (*i. e.*, all of Tigre and Agame occupied by his troops). Ergo, either these were his instructions or the home Government was bound to recall him, replace him with a more obedient general, and court-martial him at once. The House resumed its sittings on November 21, and many were the interpellations. Crispi's answers were curt and scornful. "We are on the defensive, and if, in defending ourselves, we conquer, is this a crime? Are we to leave the field open to the enemy to defeat us?" The Minister for Foreign Affairs made the only statement which throws any light on the subject:

"When General Baratieri was with us we were enabled to determine exactly the reasonable territorial limits which should circumscribe our occupation. . . . The Government, accepting these limits, ascertained that they could be reached without sacrifices exceeding the exigencies of the budget. . . . Thanks to the last victory [Debra-Ailat], *Tigre is now incorporated in the colony*. The legislation of Eritrea is applied to Tigre, to the entire satisfaction of the native clergy, who you know, gentlemen, have for their chief the only legitimate religious head in all Ethiopia."

(This was a blunder, but no matter.) There followed a long, glowing discourse on the glory, advantages, and benefits of this enormous annexation. San Giuliani and Franchetti, two of the greatest authorities on African policy, were "quite other" than satisfied. Brin made a most startling statement. Minister for Foreign Affairs and for the Navy several times, as he is again to-day, he spoke with authority. After delineating the African policy of the ministries in which he had taken part, he said: "This policy has been totally changed. I can affirm with assurance that the policy agreed upon with the Governor has been utterly altered, *against the opinion of the Governor himself*." To which Crispi replied: "If those petty princes of Shoa and of other localities keep quiet and do not attack us, we shall leave them in peace"; and the Ministry got 267 votes against 131 of the Opposition.

Six days later came the news of Amba-Alagi, where a detached battalion was cut to pieces, and Major Toselli, after sending a remnant under his aide-de-camp to safety, faced the 20,000 foes till he fell dead at his post. Twenty millions of lire were reluctantly voted, even the ministerial majority putting a veto on "expansion"; and then throughout the country arose the cry, "Withdraw into our old colony; the Shoans are advancing with all their forces." No. Tigre was pompously announced in the Almanach de Gotha as forming part of the colony. Agame was occupied, and the fine fort of Adigrat constructed in its capital. Macalle, thirty kilometres south of this, was garrisoned with some 2,000 men, and the Shoans advanced. Of the disaster which followed, I need not speak. It is summed up in the report that the losses amount to between 7,000 and 10,000 soldiers, Italians and askars, and that more than 200 officers were killed. The news plunged Italy into convulsion. "No more soldiers for Africa," was the cry. Pavia tore up the rails, Milan was prepared for revolution, when word came that the King had accepted the resignation of the Crispi Ministry and that Rudini was to succeed him. This produced comparative calm, which was increased by the amnesty granted on the 14th for all those condemned by the military tribunals of January, 1894. The new Ministry is composed of the stanchest opponents of African extension. In his first speech Rudini quietly affirmed that an honorable peace was being negotiated, and that the seventeenth article of the Utchialli treaty would be abandoned in any case, as detrimental to Italian interests. The Crispinian newspapers howled. The *Riforma* cried, "Peace with dishonor"; the *Tribuna*, "Dishonor without peace." But Rudini quietly told the House that the Crispi Ministry, before going out, had themselves authorized Baratieri to treat for peace even to the abandonment of Adigrat and Kassala! This the Crispians deny, and we must wait for the publication of the Green Book to get at the truth.

But for a cloud on the horizon, I should say for the time affairs may be tided over. The House will grant the 140 millions demanded by the present government, as even Colaiani the Socialist, says that "we can't leave our troops defenceless in face of the Abyssinians"; and if Menelik allows, the colony will be reduced to its former limits, Asmara, Keren, Massowah. But now comes the British Jingoism to stir again the troubled waters. It was presumable that Italy would withdraw from Kassala, where it is with the greatest difficulty that Baldissera can send provisions; but if Anglo-Egyptian troops march on Dongola, she will scarcely be able to do so. Possibly before the English have time to start, the Dervishes may have compelled the garrison of Kassala to retire from the fort named by King Humbert "Baratieri!" This would be a blessing not in disguise.

J. W. M.

ROME, March 25, 1896.

SOME recent remarks in the *Nation* respecting the Abyssinian disasters as bearing on the qualities of the Italian army seem to me clearly erroneous. As to the battles fought, that at Saati, in the early days of the colony, was a decisive victory, though in that of Dogali a single battalion, taken by surprise on the march to reinforce Saati, was surrounded and exterminated; but it was said by the reliefs who went out to bury the dead, that they lay in their ranks as they stood fighting, with not a fugitive, while the Abyssinian losses were such that Ras Alula, who commanded, withdrew to the hills and left Saati unmolested. In the next battle, which took place at Agordat, the Italian force attacked and routed a Dervish army three times its strength in one of the most brilliant battles in the history of African enterprise; the Dervish loss exceeding the number of the Italian army. This was followed shortly after by the capture of Kassala, a fortified position taken from the Egyptians by the Dervishes several years before, and stormed by the army of Gen. Baratieri, who has now been defeated at Adua.

The present war opened with a revolt of a minor chief of the ceded province, and a battle at Halai in which the rebels were defeated and dispersed, with the loss of their chief. Closely following this came the attack of Mangasha, one of the pretenders to the throne, and son, by a concubine, of Johannes, the defeated and dead rival of Menelik, at the head of 14,000 Abyssinians armed with rifles and 4,000 spearmen. The battle, in which less than 4,000 Italian troops, mostly African battalions under Italian officers and organization, were attacked at Coatit, with all the well-known courage of the Abyssinians, ended in the total defeat of Mangasha, pursued till the night made it impossible to carry pursuit further, and the remnant of the fugitives escaped to Shoa. But Menelik, who had furnished and organized the invasion of Mangasha, now set to work on the preparation of an expedition in which all the strength of the empire should be called out, and gathered an army of 80,000 riflemen, furnished with arms of the latest patterns, and abundant ammunition, by the French agents through Obock and Gibuti. Baratieri had grown careless, and, though warned by the Government, from information received by its agents at Zeila, of the extent of the preparations, left his outpost at Amba-Alagi unsupported, and delayed the recall until too late. This force was attacked by the leading division of the Abyssinian army, numbering 40,000, in a strong but unfortified position; and, after a hard-fought battle lasting all the morning, and in which the Abyssinian losses were greater than the Italian force, a retreat was ordered. In the course of it about 700 men escaped from the field, over 1,000 of them having died in their places, the "fighting edge" there shown calling out the admiration of military critics of most European nations, and even including French.

It was now evident that Baratieri had become either physically, mentally, or militarily so demoralized that he was unfit for command, and the Ministry desired to recall him, substituting Baldissera; but political influences prevailed, Baratieri being an influential Deputy on whom future hopes were based by the group of Piedmontese politicians who opposed the Ministry, and who had influence enough in the higher regions to prevent the change. Baratieri was advised to remain on the defensive and be prudent, while the Abyssinians took position at Adua, in a very strong position, recognized, indeed, by the General as impregnable, in a dispatch of the morning of the very day before the battle. The Italian positions were equally formidable, a wide valley separating the two armies. Here the time passed in the slow demoralization of the Italian army; the General seeming, according to the evidence of correspondents present and of several officers, to be attacked by softening of the brain. He himself in his report says that he was hardly conscious of what he was doing or why he gave the order to attack. The result we all know—the most disastrous defeat ever

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known in African wars. But the "fighting edge" is to be seen in the losses, nearly half the army, and in fighting, for the pursuit of the retreating remnant was very brief. I take from the report just printed, drawn up from the evidence of the survivors, a portion, that relating to the Da Bormida division:

"Cut off, the enemy having broken through the centre, the Da Bormida brigade remained alone on the battlefield, fighting till night, bravely, heroically. Towards seven A. M., Da Bormida had sent up on a height on the left, perhaps to sustain Gen. Albertone, the battalion of irregulars [mobilized militia, Africans under their own chiefs], which fought for a half-hour against overwhelming forces, and then was obliged to retire with heavy loss; two battalions sent in support could not fire efficiently without hitting our own men. Then Da Bormida, seeing that great masses of the enemy were moving on him from the right, attacked them, deployed, repulsed them, and advanced nearly to the camps of Maconnen and Mangasha Atikin. For the moment, our men believed that they had won the victory; but, the enemy always increasing, Da Bormida ordered a retreat in a direction diverging from the centre, and effected it in échelon with counter attacks at the point of the bayonet. The artillery had fired all its ammunition and the infantry exhausted nearly all its cartridges. In this retreat Da Bormida fell riddled with balls."

But this was at seven P. M.; the men had been marching all night, and went into the battle fasting. The officers who last saw the General say that, when the retreat was begun, he said to them, "Go on, my lads; I will stay here," and, lighting a cigar, faced the enemy and was shot down. The force of the Abyssinian army was six times that of the Italian, which had marched by moonlight twenty miles over a country cut up by ravines, mostly unreconnoitred, and so difficult that in places it was necessary to take the guns from the mules' backs and carry them by hand; and as the General had, three days before, decided to fall back from the positions, the provision reserves had been sent on, and the whole army was on short allowance for the three days before the fight, into which it entered without resting. The enormous superiority in number of the Abyssinians enabled them to flank the Italians and attack the reserve before it had formed or extricated itself from the ravines, and threw it into confusion all the greater that, from the nature of the attack, they supposed that the main body in front had been annihilated; in confusion it retreated, being the only division that moved from its positions without the order o retreat, in spite of losses in the others, in actual fighting, quite unprecedented in modern warfare, except at Amba-Alagi. Several battalions were practically annihilated without moving from their positions; three-fourths of the officers falling out of the total number in the battle. The Abyssinian dead were so numerous that the *parlementaire* sent to Menelik to arrange for the burial of the Italian dead, reported that the Abyssinians had not been able to bury their own from the number.

Troops without any fighting edge don't fight in that way, and there were offers, during the few days succeeding the battle, of thousands of volunteers from all parts of the kingdom to go to Africa. The battle of Adua was, in fact, the repetition on an immense scale of the famous charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, the blunder as much more horrible as the disaster was greater. It has merely shown that Italian troops will go where they are sent, asking no questions, and the opinion of competent critics is that their fighting edge is of the finest temper. I have omitted the affair of Macalle, where a thousand Italian troops, white and African, resisted, in a hastily improvised fortification, the attacks of the Abyssinian army for a month, and finally surrendered with the honors of war on the proposition of Menelik, the commander having decided to blow up the fort, with all in it, rather than surrender.

The Italian soldier is as fine as he can be, and the officers, as a class, the truest gentlemen and the most modest I have ever met; discipline is of the severest, and yet the soldiers as a rule adore their officers, and will go where they will lead them. The proof of their high morale is that the army in Africa is as ready to fight now as it was before the battle of Adua, and better prepared. The Massowah expedition was a blunder from the beginning, as Crispi declared it, in his opinion, when the first disaster in it called him to power; but, after the defeat of Dogali, military honor forbade retreat, and the same motive will probably not permit withdrawal at present. There are positions in which the honor of a country is worth more than its cost, and in the Italian mind this is one of them. X.

THE CARLYLE HOUSE IN CHELSEA.

LONDON, March, 1896.

THE house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where Carlyle lived has long been a place of pilgrimage. While it was still the dirtiest and shabbiest in all the neighborhood, hero-worshippers came to look upon it and shed a sentimental tear. It needed no medallion on the wall, no statue on the Embankment Garden beyond, to remind them of the tragedy of which the little old eighteenth-century street was the scene not so many years since. Into the domestic drama of the Carlyle household it is now impossible to intrude, that drama having been made public property, once and for all, when the 'Reminiscences' and 'Letters' were published. It is this which really has reconciled one to the recent transformation of the house into a public museum. Otherwise, one might shrink from what would seem the violation of a great man's privacy. It is different with Milton's cottage at Chalfont, for instance, with Dürer's house in Nuremberg; Milton and Dürer being among the remote heroes of dead centuries. But only yesterday the Carlyles were still at No. 5, now No. 24, there struggling in that "tearing whirlpool of miseries, anxieties, and sorrows" which life, alas! always was for them both.

However, since museum the house has now become, the more interesting and complete it is made, the better, so that most people will hear with pleasure that the loan exhibition, opened in December for a month, the time being then extended to three, is to be continued indefinitely. It is true that many of the things on view at the present moment—the greater number the property of Mr. Alexander Carlyle—may eventually be claimed by their owners. But it is hoped that others will be sent to take their place, and, at any rate, the collection will remain as it is until the summer—a fortunate arrangement for touring Americans apt to seek headquarters in London during May, June, and July.

The house, as by this time is well known, has been put in repair and given the thorough cleaning it so sorely needed after its temporary rôle as cheap hotel for cats. Every effort has been made to restore it to the condition in which it was left by the Carlyles, their wall-papers even having been reproduced—for in their day, in many of the rooms, wall-paper there was, well hung over the beautiful panelling which, with the daintily decorated stairway, was one of the chief charms of their home, had they but realized it. When possible, the old furniture has been arranged in its old place, where they were accustomed to see it; and in every room and on the stairway pencil sketches by Mrs. Allingham show the exact position of engravings and pictures, these in some cases actually hanging where originally they belonged. What little there is down stairs is found in the back dining-room; Carlyle's bookcase, designed by himself, standing in the recess by the chimney-place which he meant it to fill. There you may see the complete library edition of his works, in the familiar red bindings, published by Chapman & Hall. And there, too, to your greater pleasure, you may see many of Carlyle's own books; really a motley collection, for you chance upon now a 'Danish Grammar' or a 'Handbook for Ireland,' now the works of John Knox or the plays of Schiller, or, again, a copy of the 'Earthly Paradise,' opened to show the inscription, "Thomas Carlyle, with his Scholar John Ruskin's love. 1st January, 1870." Ah, me! ah, me! as Carlyle might have sighed. One shelf is reserved for a pretty, old-fashioned cup and saucer and a couple of plates in white and gilt—"part of breakfast set," the catalogue explains; and memory forthwith singles from out the long procession of maid-servants, Mr. Carlyle's special abhorrence, "that horse," "that cow," "that mooncalf," and looks upon the grim comedy played one dull November morning—"a whole washing-tub full of broken things" in the kitchen, all the china breakfast service gone irretrievably, save a mere remnant left for the idle gaze of the sightseer. Do we not know those maid-servants of No. 5 even better than Cromwell's Ironsides, than Frederick's Grenadiers? Will they not, too, be remembered as long as Carlyle's name is honored, as long as the most human letters ever written are read by a sympathetic or prying public?

On the wall opposite are engravings of Frederick, of Maria Theresa, and of others who had a part to play in that weariest of all books in the making; and, in a case, are fragments of MSS., some full of the blue pencil corrections that were the printer's despair; medals commemorating Carlyle's birthday, a horseshoe with screw-cogs for frost, invented by him—a horseshoe all too sorely needed, too seldom used, in London's slippery streets—and other such odds and ends.

But the more intimate relics are above in the drawing-room. It is impossible here to give a full list of them: of the portraits, the pieces of furniture—most notable the desk upon which all Carlyle's books, except only the Schiller, were written—the miscellaneous contents of the glass case, with its testimonials from home and abroad, its photographs, card-cases, pencils, flasks, seals, and the several trifles once the most immediate personal property of either Carlyle or Mrs. Carlyle. But perhaps among them all is nothing so pathetic, so genuinely touching, as the three little birthday and Christmas notes. "The prophecy of a wash-stand," one says, "to the neatest of all women. Blessings on her bonny face, and be it ever blithe to me as it is dear, blithe or not. 25th Dec., 1850." And this from the man who hated all such nonsense as presents, and shrank from the bother of going into a shop to buy anything. Of his tenderness, in so trivial a matter, to his wife after her mother's death, one likes to have the reminder in the room where, for all its distinguished associations, one re-

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members best the long, bitter days of her loneliness and jealousy, the long, sad evenings when he sat solitary over his dreary Prussian books.

On the same floor is Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom, all but empty. But its emptiness cannot help one to forget her terrible sleepless nights; her headaches; her waiting in the darkness, with revolver and rattle by her bedside, during the household cleaning, to her ever a horror; her agony in the early morning, when, awakened by the crowing of "infernal cocks" or barking of dogs, she listened for the mad stamping and titanic cursing in the room above. "If we could only sleep, dear," she wrote to him once, "and what you call *digest*, wouldn't it be nice?"—and, so writing, gave perhaps, the true clue to the tragedy of their life together. The bed has been brought back to Carlyle's room—a great gloomy bedstead, with heavy red hangings, well calculated to murder sleep. How often it figured in Mrs. Carlyle's letters, where no domestic detail, however squalid or lurid, was ever glossed over—tales, these, which the squeamish do not venture to repeat. But perhaps interest culminates when still another flight of stairs is climbed, and one finds one's self in the garret study, with its double walls and its top-light, the most disastrous of their many failures, where for the most part of those endless thirteen years Carlyle was "smothered" under his 'Frederick.' Was there ever, since the world began, an author whose work was done in such anguish and bitterness of spirit? The chair presented to him by John Forster has a prominent place. On the walls, the faces of Voltaire and Frederick look out from quaint little old cheap prints. There are portraits innumerable of the master himself: most conspicuous a photograph of Mr. Whistler's picture, a painting by Linnell (very early this, of course), a sketch by Count D'Orsay. And there are, above all, in convenient cases, manuscripts and letters, far more than can be now enumerated; none, however, of greater value, I think, none that does him more honor, than the brave, manly, fine letter written by him to his publishers after the MS. of the first volume of his 'French Revolution,' lent to Mill, had been burnt. Real trouble Carlyle met with a dignity and courage and strength that almost make one wish his way through life had been less smooth and easy. For, rugged as it seemed to him, assuredly most of his trials and tribulations were of his own imagining.

So entirely is the domestic economy of the little house laid bare to the curious that the basement kitchen may be visited, where odd pieces of the Carlyle dinner service are set out upon the dresser, and a cat sits purring in front of the fire, for all the world as if Pen were still alive. Glimpses there are, also, into the tiny garden, where, during the hot summers when he stayed in town, Carlyle had his tent study. At the back rises a bit of the old brick wall, all that is left of Henry VIII.'s Chelsea manor-house. To one side is a small green-china garden seat, one of the "noblemen," it may be, on which Carlyle sat for his midnight smoke, "looking up into the empyrean and the stars." And, later, grass-plots, and paths, and bushes are, as well as the thing can be done, to be put in precisely that order in which Mrs. Carlyle kept them. Altogether, the place has a homely yet solemn pathos, not spoiled by indiscreet or blatant touting for the tourist. The directors have shown admirable judgment and sympathy in the arrangement of the rooms and cases. There is nothing to offend the most sensitive; much more than I have had space to mention, to delight the student. Indeed, No. 24 Cheyne Row, like the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, will, to many, seem far worthier a special visit than the large, better advertised galleries and museums. Because I believe that no one who has read Carlyle with pleasure or profit can fail to be interested, I am eager to call attention to the fact that it is proposed to make this exhibition of Carlyle's relics permanent.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE SILVER PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a business letter to-day received from a merchant in Denver, Col., I find the enclosed printed slip, which sets forth a lot of the usual quality of so-called silver arguments. This is an evidence of the activity of silverites. On the other hand, I have personal knowledge of the refusal of a large wholesale house in Georgia, whose partners believe in sound money, to circulate in their mails anything referring to the currency question in any way whatever.

I do not mean to say that it is the *duty* of any business concern to take up politics. Business men must decide this question for themselves. But if the sound-money men really believe that the 16-to-1 practice would bring about a worse condition of panic than we have ever experienced, it would seem that self-interest would dictate their injecting politics into their businesses to the same extent at least as the silverites are doing.—Very respectfully,

A. T. H. Brower.

Chicago, April 3, 1896.

A COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Readers of President Schurman's article in the April *Forum* on "Teaching—A Trade or a Profession?" will rejoice that an old cause has received a new advocate. To those, however, who, during the past decade, have been speaking and writing and bringing things to pass in this field, it will be a matter of surprise that the familiar proposition to establish a university professional school for teachers should have been advanced as something quite novel and, in a way, original. Novel it doubtless is to the writer in question, for his article shows that he is ignorant of—I will not say chooses to ignore—some of the ideals and tendencies that have entered into American educational history during recent years. In the interest of simple justice, as well as of truth, it seems proper to call attention to the facts which have been slurred over.

In doing this it is chiefly important to note that while President Schurman has been working out a scheme, others have acted, and have brought about the very thing that he presents as an ideal yet unrealized. It is, in fact, several years now since it became possible in President Schurman's own state for students of college and university grade to pursue, in a university, courses in education leading to the degrees of A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. These courses include theoretical studies of the kind he has described, and they also include practical work in a school organized for the express purpose of giving students of education an opportunity to observe, practise, experiment, and apply. They provide not only for the training of superintendents and of teachers for secondary schools, but also—a point which is a distinct advantage—for the training of kindergartners and teachers in elementary schools, both public and private. Further, these courses have already been sought by students as candidates for the above-mentioned degrees, and each of the three degrees referred to has been given to such students.

Aside from the particular instance just cited, it is pretty generally known that there have existed for some time, and that there are now springing up each year, other agencies for the higher training of teachers that include, or aim to include, some or all of the characteristics just enumerated. I submit that there is no essential difference between these schemes already in operation and that set forth in the *Forum* article. That President Schurman may be able to develop something superior to anything that now exists, can easily be believed and should be devoutly hoped; but the points wherein his scheme claims to be peculiar are minor matters, relating chiefly to name. To claim or to imply that such things are essential is to quibble.

It may even be said that, in the points wherein the scheme in question differs from other plans, it is inferior as a practical measure. Its peculiarity lies wholly in its limitations. In the first place, it is proposed to limit the membership to college graduates or persons of equal scholastic standing. It is significant that at Cornell the standard set for this ideal professional school is higher than the standard of that professional school which is already in existence there, although the movement for raising the standards of professional schools is elsewhere well under way. The second limitation would confine the work of the proposed school to the preparation of superintendents and of teachers for secondary schools. The rapidly enlarging fields now opening to college graduates as specialists in the kindergarten and in the elementary school—in manual training, art education, domestic science, natural science, English, and other branches—are ignored or dismissed with a wave of the hand. It is said in effect, "Normal schools are good enough to prepare teachers for the masses. The college has no interest except in the secondary school or in the superintendent's office." To such a way of thinking it is sufficient to reply that there are many people in this country to-day who know that such a position is narrow and unworthy.

In writing this letter I have had in mind to give credit to whom credit belongs for what has already been done, and to make clear the fact that college men and women bent on learning how to teach need not wait until a new pedagogic school shall be established before seeking professional training, and need not confine themselves within the narrow limits set for them in the article in question. But I have especially aimed to correct the false impression that would naturally be created by this article: for while it purports to be written in the interest of the higher training of teachers, in reality it tends to hinder the movement at large, because it ignores and discredits the results of progress already achieved.

Walter L. Hervey.

Teachers College, New York, April 1, 1896.

MR. TUCKER AND DR. HALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue No. 1603, Dr. Fitzedward Hall accuses me of garbling one of his sen-

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tences containing a statement which I disputed, both in a *North American Review* article some years ago and in my little book 'Our Common Speech,' recently published. I admit, of course, that the omission of certain words should have been indicated; and, more, I think I should have been wiser to give the whole sentence exactly as he wrote it, for one cannot be too careful, in repeating any statement for the purpose of criticising it, to avoid even the slightest appearance of misrepresenting what was actually said.

This admitted, let me state exactly what the omission was, since Dr. Hall did not think it worth while to do so. The Doctor wrote, in his *Nineteenth Century* article, in severe criticism of the English of the late William Cullen Bryant: "Living as he did, among a people among whom, in the case of all but a very few writers and speakers, our language is daily becoming more and more depraved," etc. I left out the words, "in the case of all but a very few writers and speakers," which words were absolutely immaterial for my argument that followed, to the effect that our language is much more depraved in Great Britain than in this country, inasmuch as that argument is based entirely on common, every-day usage, and contains no claim for the beauty of distinctly American English as exemplified by our exceptionally careful writers and speakers. In other words, whatever force the argument may have would not be in the smallest degree affected by the insertion of the omitted words. Under these circumstances, I leave it to the candid reader to judge whether my critic is justified in charging me with "practices akin to the use of loaded dice," or with quoting his sentence "so transformed, by the elision, unindicated, of part of it, as to vitiate its purport materially." I might as well accuse Dr. Hall of misquoting Mr. Bryant, by representing him to have written "honour," which Dr. Hall did, in a "letter" to you, Mr. Editor, published by him as a pamphlet in London in 1881, page 22. Whatever other linguistic crimes Mr. Bryant may have been guilty of, he certainly did not disfigure "honor" by the excrescent *u*.

Permit me to notice one other criticism which Dr. Hall makes of my little book. He says my phrase "of the Carroll Gansevoort stripe" is "slang of the slums and the gutter." I wish he would inform your readers in what respect it is worse than his expression, on page 15 of the pamphlet just referred to: "The items . . . are, mostly, quite of a piece with the particulars which the *Evening Post* retains." In each case the figure is evidently that of samples of the same cloth. I speak of them as having the same stripe; my critic says they are "quite of a piece." To approve the latter phrase and call the former the "slang of the slums and the gutter" seems to me just about as consistent as to spell "favor" with a *u*, and "editor" without it, as Dr. Hall does in consecutive paragraphs of his pamphlet. I find him also, on pages 20–21, characterizing certain opinions with which he does not agree as "old mumpsimuses." There is a pretty word for a writer who is so shocked by hearing two men spoken of as being of the same stripe.—Respectfully yours, GILBERT M. TUCKER.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 6, 1896.

"NAKED BED."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If your correspondent from Pau will "go back to former generations," he will find the origin of the figure "naked bed." It is in common use in Elizabethan literature, and refers simply to the custom in earlier times of going naked to bed.

At this moment, I recall the expression in a quaint poem, written in old-fashioned fourteen-syllable verse, that is to be found in 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices,' edited by Richard Edwardes, in 1576. The subject, a weary mother singing her baby to sleep in the night-watches, is an exquisitely simple and graceful rendering of Terence's epigram, *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.* I quote the first stanza, with the note for the lovers of good poetry that there is more of it where this came from:

"In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept;
She sighed sore and sang full sore, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still in sucking at her breast;
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
She rocked it and rated it, until on her it smiled:
Then did she say now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

M. A. S.

BALTIMORE, April 3, 1896.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "naked bed" is the bed to which we go naked—literally naked in the olden time, when nightgowns were unknown. Compare "idle bed" in "Julius Cæsar" (ii. 1, 117), "lazy bed" in "Troilus and Cressida" (i. 3, 147), and the familiar "sick bed." W. J. R.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 8.

Notes.

MR. LECKY'S 'Democracy and Liberty' is just being published by the Longmans.

'A History of Christian Doctrine,' by Dr. George P. Fisher of Yale, and 'Shakspere and his Predecessors in the English Drama,' by Prof. F. L. Boas of Oxford, are among the latest announcements of Charles Scribner's Sons.

A volume of original poems by Caroline and Alice Duer, and 'Songs from the Greek,' translated by Jane Minot Sedgwick, will bear the imprint of Geo. H. Richmond & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. announce 'What is Electricity?' by Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard.

Macmillan will handle for the Clarendon Press the 'Revenue Laws of Ptolemy Philadelphus,' edited by B. P. Grenfell from a papyrus in the Bodleian, the largest and oldest known in Greek, with a portfolio of thirteen facsimiles; and for the Cambridge University Press a fresh translation of part of the Sinai Gospels brought from Mt. Sinai last year by Mrs. S. S. Lewis, with a new and complete edition of her translation. This firm will begin immediately the publication of a new edition of Byron's Works, in verse and in prose, edited by W. E. Henley; the prose consisting of all the letters and the diaries, and the poems being arranged chronologically. Soon to appear also, is volume vi. of 'Periods of European History,' 1789–1815.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press 'The Making of Pennsylvania,' by Sidney George Fisher.

Roberts Bros. promise 'The Puritan in England and New England,' by Dr. Ezra Hoyt Byington, and 'Old Colony Days,' by May Alden Ward.

'Stereo-Chemistry' is the subject of a volume by Prof. Charlotte E. Roberts of Wellesley College which D. C. Heath & Co. will issue.

Way & Williams, Chicago, have nearly ready 'The Lamp of Gold,' a sequence of forty-nine sonnets, by Miss Florence L. Snow, with decorations by Edmund H. Garrett.

G. P. Putnam's Sons make the gratifying announcement that they will follow up their editions of Hamilton, Franklin, Washington, Jay, Mason, Paine, Jefferson, and King with 'The Works of James Monroe,' edited by S. M. Hamilton, whose experience in the archives of the State Department peculiarly qualifies him for his task. This reprint will occupy four volumes, and will be begun in 1897. The same firm will undertake 'The Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall,' edited with an historical introduction and analytical notes by Simon Sterne of the New York bar.

Letters of Monroe, Jefferson, Madison, and Richard Rush will compose Part i. of the Hamilton Facsimiles of MSS. from the national archives projected by the *Public Opinion* Co., and will make a volume of which the edition will be limited to 500 copies. The series has no determinate bounds. Communications respecting it should be addressed to D. T. Pierce, No. 13 Astor Place, New York.

The Prussian Academy of Sciences intends to publish a complete and critical edition of the works of Immanuel Kant, and solicits communications from persons who may have in their possession any writings of the Königsberg philosopher which have not yet been printed. Letters, notes taken of his lectures or found on the margins and fly-leaves of books that once belonged to his library, as well as biographical items and similar records, will be gladly received and duly acknowledged.

A new wrinkle in the 'Annual Literary Index' for 1895 (New York: *Publishers' Weekly*), following the Necrology of deceased writers, is an Index to Dates of Principal Events, in which many more obituaries occur. Abyssinia, Armenia, Australia, Austria, Chicago, Cuba, Gold, Great Britain, Lynching, Madagascar, Manitoba, Silver, Strikes, Whiskey Trust, Yacht Race, are typical rubrics. We have marked some errors and discrepancies in names, both in the index to periodicals and in the accompanying author-index; but such defects are almost unavoidable. The five departments of this yearly key to the best literary production are now: Index to periodicals; Index to general literature (or, guide to the contents of books of essays, studies, and the like); author-index; bibliographies; necrology; and dates of principal events.

Externally and intrinsically, few reprints nowadays compete for prior mention with North's Plutarch in the "Tudor Translations" of David Nutt, London. This series has just been brought to a close with volumes v. and vi., and fortunate must the possessor of them count himself. The letter employed in this edition seems to us one of the most successful of the compromises between the heavy face of the early printers and the styles now in vogue, and shows that the hair-line can be abrogated without resorting to a repulsive compactness. The red binding is in accord with the generous scheme of the typography.

The Dent-Macmillan issues are a good second to the foregoing, and in the Balzac translations we have 'The Atheist's Mass,' 'Old Goriot,' and 'La Grande Bretêche,' in their green livery, and the first volume of Carleton's classic 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' with an introduction by D. J. O'Donoghue preliminary to the author's

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own, with a portrait of Carleton, and reproductions of four designs by Phiz. This, too, is in green covers, of a lighter shade, as befits the Emerald Isle. Macmillans' name is linked with George Bell & Sons' in the seventh volume of Mr. Wheatley's edition of Pepys's Diary—definitive, one would say, but that some Capt. Burton may itch and contrive to fill up the disreputable lacunæ; the rather dull period here embraced being from July 1, 1667, to April 30, 1668. From Macmillans' own press we have two more volumes in their Standard Tales of the present century, Peacock's 'Gryll Grange' and Borrow's spirited 'Lavengro'; and Charles Kingsley's 'Heroes,' in the uniform pocket edition, in blue.

The Harpers are advancing rapidly with their handsome uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's novels. 'A Laodicean,' just brought out, succeeds 'The Trumpet Major,' 'The Hand of Ethelberta,' and 'The Woodlanders,' to name only the more recent.

Scribners' handy "Ivory Series" is newly augmented by Cable's 'Madame Delphine' and Mrs. Spofford's 'A Master Spirit.'

W. R. Jenkins has added to his well-known French reprints Victor Hugo's 'Quatrevingt-treize,' with an introduction and notes by Benjamin D. Woodward. The print is commendably large and open.

Fifty numbers of the Old South Leaflets (Boston) result in two volumes which claim a place in libraries and in intelligent households. The documents thus conveniently bound together range from the U. S. Constitution to Columbus's letter to Gabriel Sanchez describing his first voyage and discovery; from Magna Charta to George Rogers Clarke's account of the capture of Vincennes; from Franklin's Plan of Union to Cromwell's first speech to his Parliament; from Washington's Farewell Address to Jefferson's Life of Capt. Meriwether Lewis; from the Swiss Constitution to Strabo's Introduction to Geography; from Lincoln's inaugurals and Emancipation Proclamation to Marco Polo's account of Japan and Java—and we have not half done. These volumes should go on the same shelf with Preston's useful 'Documents Illustrative of American History, 1606-1863.'

Those patriots who are anxious that we should, in Cuba and in Hawaii, extend our points of contact (and so of belligerency) with the outer world, would do well to ponder the significance of the four maps which stand like sentries at the front of 'The Statesman's Year-Book for 1896' (Macmillan). They are entitled "The Frontier Question on the Pamirs" (Russian sore spot); "The Indo-Chinese Frontier Question" (French sore spot); "Venezuela-Guiana Boundary Question" (South and North American sore spot); and "Map to Illustrate Recent Arrangements with respect to Bechuanaland" (Dutch and German sore spot). Never was the innovation of inserting maps in this standard year-book better justified than in the current issue, in which also, with the customary changes in every part, there has been a special furbishing of the naval statistics. It may be doubted if Abyssinia will continue next year to be reckoned under Italy's foreign dependencies.

The Cassell Publishing Co. renew as in former years their convenient little 'Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe,' familiar to tourists for more than a decade; but editorial prevision has not catered to visitors to the Olympian Games at Athens and increasingly to Greece by adding a section on that country, which is accordingly not in "Europe." That Turkey is equally counted out is perhaps indicative of the pious wish that fathers the thought.

Students of mediæval history who have been bewildered by the all too rapidly accumulating "literature" of the last five or six years dealing with the origin of the German town constitution will be relieved to find in Dr. F. Keutgen's 'Untersuchungen über den Ursprung der deutschen Stadtverfassung' (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot) a brief, sober, and scholarly review of the whole discussion. Dr. Keutgen neither follows the keen-witted though virulent Von Below in his Village Commune theory, nor does he accept the Market theory of Sohm, in spite of that scholar's well-nigh overwhelming authority in the early constitutional field. He perceives that there are several elements to be taken into account, not one of which can offer a complete solution of the problem; and, in particular, that the question of the sources of the town population is distinct from, though closely connected with, that of the town government. If any fault is to be found with his treatment, it lies in his unquestioning acceptance of the general principles of early constitutional development which have been current in Germany for a couple of generations past. The inquiry will probably have to go a good deal deeper than the municipal historians commonly suppose.

The three stories by the late John Heard which have been collected in 'Esquisses Mexicaines' (Paris: Paul Ollendorff), are rather gruesome, as stories, though they undeniably convey a distinct and truthful impression of typical nature and man in Mexico.

An important work on physical geography has lately been completed by A. de Lapparent, an author eminent among French geographers and geologists ('Leçons de Géographie Physique,' Paris: Masson). It is notable in two respects: it presents much more fully than any other European work the principles of geomorphology, as developed by various investigators in this country; and it applies these principles to the description and explanation of the geography of Europe, and more briefly to the rest of the world. Although even the well-known countries of Europe must again be explored with these modern principles in mind before they can be fully described, the summary statements here given of the facts and explanations already acquired is a very welcome contribution to modern geographical literature. For American geographers studying Europe at home, or contemplating a trip abroad, De Lapparent's work will prove a very serviceable companion.

Zola's new story, 'Rome,' is printed as a *feuilleton* in two Roman papers, the *Tribuna* and another, and has been received by their readers with loud cries of dissatisfaction. They complain that the book is partly worthless gossip and partly a heavy compilation of religion and politics. With even less patience do they bear Zola's cruel insistence upon the poverty and squalor of Rome, and his descriptions of the new quarter of the Prati del Castello, with its immense unfinished palaces with windows boarded up, the haunt of beggars and thieves. The *Tribuna* has been obliged to print a note denying all "solidarity" with the French author; and the *Riforma*, which speaks of the new novel in the most contemptuous terms, declares that "the insults and calumnies of M. Zola do not merit even a refutation."

The late Georges Delesalle was for years engaged on the compilation of a dictionary of French slang, and the result of his labors appears under the title 'Dictionnaire Argot-Français et Français-Argot' (Paris: Ollendorff), in which, by means of the second part, the student is enabled to find readily the slang equivalents of the polite or recognized word. Prefixed to the dictionary proper is not only a preface by Jean Richepin—himself a master of slang—who lauds, as it deserves, Delesalle's work, but an interesting though too short study of slang from its origin to the present day. All the words in Villon's "jargon" which have any affinity with modern French slang have been carefully listed; they are followed by a glossary of similar terms in the 'Vie Généreuse' of 1596, and by examples of slang verse of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Delesalle's object was not merely to collect a greater or less number of slang words; he wished to work in the same field as Timmermans, and to accumulate additional material for the philological study of *argot*, and in this he has certainly succeeded. The epigraph, it may be noted, is from Zola's preface to 'L'Assommoir.'

The first volume of Livet's 'Lexique de la Langue de Molière' (Paris: H. Welter) is out, and a welcome book it is. The work was crowned by the French Academy and the author awarded one of its important prizes; the book itself is published by the Government and printed at the Imprimerie Nationale. Livet's great erudition and his intimate acquaintance with the works, not of Molière alone, but of seventeenth-century writers, have enabled him to carry out in rich abundance his comparison of Molière's tongue with that of his contemporaries, and to add invaluable notes and commentaries to almost every word and expression. This first volume, of 532 pages, takes us but to the word *curiosités*.

The fifth volume of the "Théâtre Complet" of Edmond Gondinet has just been published by Calmann Lévy. It contains two of his vivacious comedies, "Un Voyage d'Agrément" and "Tapageurs," and a drama "Libres!" which is not as good reading as the amusing though often absurd lighter pieces.

Prof. Furtwängler, the successor of Brunn in the University of Munich, is delivering a course of public lectures on archæology, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the "Mädchen-Gymnasium" about to be established in that city. The lectures are rendered additionally attractive and instructive by the use of the stereopticon, and are largely attended, so that the endowment fund will be considerably increased from this source. They also show the deep interest felt in the movement for the higher education of women by many of the most distinguished scholars of Germany.

On March 4 the faculty of the University of Heidelberg conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy *magna cum laude* on Fräulein Anna Gebser, who presented an historical thesis on "The Importance of Queen Cunigunde to the Reign of Henry II." On March 6 the same university conferred the same academic distinction on Miss Alice Luce, who, after graduating at an American university, devoted herself to philology at Leipzig and Heidelberg. Several other women, mostly foreigners, have also announced themselves as candidates for examination and promotion. Quite recently the diploma of Countess Marie von Linden, the first woman who ever took a degree at Tübingen, was affixed to the official "blackboard" of that university. This young lady, the daughter of the Würtemberg Chamberlain, Count Eduard von Linden, made a specialty of natural science and was "promoted" *cum laude*. Her thesis was on the structural evolution and characteristics of marine snails.

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An interesting contribution, 'Zur Beurteilung der Frauenbewegung in England und Deutschland,' by Lily von Gizycki, has just been published by Heymann in Berlin. The authoress is the widow of the well-known writer on ethics, Prof. Georg von Gizycki, who died about a year ago, and of whom an appreciative sketch was given in a late number of *Biographische Blätter*. She is also one of the editors of the semi-monthly sheet *Die Frauenbewegung*, issued by Dümmler in Berlin.

The first female professor in Russia is Mme. Kerschbaumer, who has been appointed to the chair of ophthalmology in a medical college for women at St. Petersburg. She is a Russian by birth, but married to an Austrian physician, with whom she founded an eye-infirmary at Salzburg in 1875 and since then has been engaged in conducting this institute. She pursued her studies chiefly in Switzerland.

A correspondent writes to us: "An ingenuous student of political history who should seek in the Century or Standard Dictionary for a definition of Boy, would fail to find it. Presumably the editors of these works supposed the word in its political sense to be only ephemeral slang; but a word which has held its own for half-a-century may fairly claim to have established its title. In the New York *Mirror* of Oct. 25, 1845, we read as follows: 'It [*The Globe*] is a very handsome and gentlemanly-looking paper, considering that it represents the "unwashed Democracy," and is the acknowledged organ of the class of politicians known as "the boys."'" Even the Oxford Dictionary has missed this definition.

—The April *Atlantic* contains numerous papers of permanently attractive quality, adapted to the class of readers who bestow more than waste moments upon their magazines. The opening story, by Henry James, has more to gain than to lose by deferred reading, since its continuation is to follow next month. The Scotch element in American life, of which Prof. Shaler writes, may fortunately be regarded, not in the light of a threatening problem, but of a field where fruitful observation may be pursued with a cheerfulness of spirit not often possible when immigration is a theme. By an effective device of grouping, three articles, not especially noticeable if considered singly, are made to produce compositely a vivid impression of the range and diversity of American country life and scenery—from the woods of New England, whose old-time maple-sugar industry is sympathetically described by Rowland E. Robinson, to the Western farm, some financial as well as natural aspects of which are treated of in a short story by Octave Thanet, and to the Okefinokee swamp, a Southern paradise for the thorough-going camper-out. In the last paper, however, the naturalist's remorselessness in shooting rare specimens strikes a note discordant to the bird-lover and to the humane reader alike. A paper in which a large issue is comprehensively discussed is "China and the Western World," by Lafcadio Hearn. The ultimate event to which this paper points is the loss of supremacy by the Aryan to a non-Christian Oriental race; but the practical consideration is that Chinese industrial and commercial competition will have to be faced very much sooner than has been expected. Evidence is drawn from all quarters of the globe to prove the formidable capacities of this race as competitors in industry and commerce. The conservatism blindly relied on as a check to Chinese advancement does not extend to business, while tenacity in clinging to the ancestral simplicity, in matters domestic and personal, is a source of strength in the other direction. In arguing and illustrating his points, Mr. Hearn shows his usual subtlety of sympathy with an Eastern people "disciplined for thousands of years to the most untiring industry," and "content to strive to the uttermost in exchange for the simple privilege of life."

—*Scribner's* for April is smartly up to date, with the titles of most of its articles pointing directly to current events or to topics of current interest. A fashionable fad supplies the network of Richard Harding Davis's brightly touched-off story, "Cinderella," in which Van Bibber, somewhat obscured of late, reappears as a social power. Prof. Trowbridge describes briefly "The New Photography by Cathode Rays," and Henry Norman takes the side of solidarity and right reason in the "Quarrel of the English-Speaking Peoples." Aline Gorren, using as a starting-point M. Brunetière's remarks to the effect that literature and journalism are fundamentally incompatible conceptions, makes an interesting attempt towards a philosophy of the vulgarity of the American newspaper, and of its approved violation of the sanctities of private life. In writing of Lord Leighton, Cosmo Monkhouse owns to a schoolboy panegyric on a work of the artist exhibited in 1855, and his praise at the present date still leaves something to be desired in the nice balancing of artistic less and more; but his paper is genial and entertaining, and the illustrations are the best of their kind. Another article, profusely accompanied by pictures, describes a day at the classic games at Olympia. In spite of its elaborate attempt at an imaginative reproduction of time and personalities contemporary with Pindar, this article may safely be passed over in favor of Rufus B. Richardson's plain account of the restoration, in preparation for the games now in progress, of the stadion at Athens, where Mr. Richardson is director of the American School of Classical Studies.

—Prof. Marquand's account, in the *Century*, of the Olympic games and their history is of an unrelieved seriousness and solidity worthy of the 'Britannica,' and has at least this advantage over the encyclopædia article, that it seeks the reader and relieves him of the trouble of seeking it. Besides painful reminiscences, there may be found, under the head of "Four Lincoln Conspiracies," something new to most readers concerning the details of the three abortive plots which preceded the tragedy, and the flight and capture after it. In a literal rehearsal of events such as this, the meanness of the incidents of the assassin's hiding, his disappointed expectations of recognition as a hero, the petty character of his uncertainties and deceptions, strip him of even the dramatic interest that might have attached to him if he had not outlived his deed by a fortnight. In a third paper W. D. Howells dwells both humorously and eloquently on the inconsistencies and inconveniences of the fraternal relationship, as at present perforce recognized, and explains the essential difference between the involuntary or natural brotherhood and the brotherhood that is voluntary and human, or, as he finally prefers to call it, the supernatural brotherhood, with its superior opportunities of liberty, congeniality, and universality. That society, which has hitherto shirked its duty in this respect, shall take upon itself the obligations now unjustly attached to the ties of consanguinity, and shall thus relieve the individual from burdens often onerous and even odious, and which cause him to shrink in dismay at the thought of any more brothers, is the view this paper insists on and the end it would hasten. Second only to the pleasure of following Mr. Howells's ingenious essay is that of picking holes in his logic—a feat which will put no especial strain upon the reader's powers of mind.

—If this month's *Harper's* obtains more than the briefest lease of attention, it will be altogether owing to G. W. Smalley's interesting observations on James Russell Lowell, and the new phases of his character revealed to himself and others during his residence, as minister, in England. It is flattering to one's sense of the capacities of life for development to learn that after he had passed the limit of three score, Mr. Lowell underwent transformation from the reserved student to the man of the world in the best sense of the term, becoming after sixty the brilliant social personage and after-dinner speaker known to his later, and especially his English, admirers. The typical quality of Mr. Lowell's Americanism is a second theme of these recollections, through which there runs an element of defence of him in this particular. It was the pronounced national character of his individuality that won him a large part of his popularity in England, and it is not likely that the genuineness of his Americanism has ever been seriously doubted in any competent quarter, unless by patriots of the school of Theodore Roosevelt, who takes occasion in this same magazine, in an article on Gen. Anthony Wayne, to insist on such of his familiar doctrines as that "Americans need to keep in mind the fact that, as a nation, they have erred far more often in not being willing enough to fight than in being too willing." That, united, the future of the world belongs to the United States and Great Britain, divided, to neither, is the principle for which Mr. Lowell is remembered to have stood unwaveringly, at home and abroad. Measured by the statesmanship of the author of the essay on Democracy, the propaganda of the article on General Wayne amounts to no more than a harmless expression of personal idiosyncrasy, or an example of the difference between culture and anarchy in ideas.

—The seventh volume of Paul Leicester Ford's edition of the writings of Jefferson (Putnams) ends with his farewell to the Senate, as its presiding officer, on the eve of becoming the head of the Executive. In the six preceding years we see him retiring into his cheese, banishing the thought of politics, viewing his approaching end; rejoicing at escaping the Presidency when Adams was successful, knowing well "that no man will ever bring out of that office the reputation which carries him to it," but cheerfully accepting the Vice-Presidency, and entering at last with alacrity upon the higher office. The "feds" and Alexandrians, with "Ham," their chief, cause him endless concern; the Mazzei letter completes his breach with Washington; the "infidelities of the post-office" make him generally refrain from signing his private letters. His secret authorship of the Kentucky Resolves is displayed in his correspondence, and these landmarks of secession are admirably given by Mr. Ford in fac-simile print, in rough draft, and in fair copy. Notable, again, are Jefferson's political creed on pp. 327, 328, with its many bearings on our present situation, and the memorandum of his services in answer to the self-inquiry

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"whether my country is the better for my having lived at all." The fear of a bloody termination of slavery crops up everywhere; but on occasion of a negro rising in Virginia in 1800, he deprecates excessive hangings, writing to Monroe: "The other states & the world at large will forever condemn us if we indulge a principle of revenge, or go one step beyond absolute necessity. They cannot lose sight of the rights of the two parties, & the object of the unsuccessful one." Other aspects of Jefferson in this typical volume are the philosopher interested in fossils and in Indian languages; the manufacturer of nails; the inventor of a mouldboard. Mr. Ford's scrupulousness, in the matter of an insert respecting a disputed phrase in the letter of June 1, 1798, to John Taylor, was, to our mind, wholly uncalled for by the context.

—The incidents connected with the Presidential election of 1800 are admirably told in the letters contained in the third volume of 'The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King' (Putnams). The mistakes of John Adams in carrying through his "unadvised" measures, and the political blunder of the Federalists under the lead of Alexander Hamilton, brought that party to a crushing defeat. Hamilton's letter on Adams destroyed his followers' belief in his discretion, and did much to lead to the triumph of the other party. It is curious to see how erroneous were some of the judgments expressed of leading men. Marshall was thought to be too much guided by the refinements of theory; to be temporizing, and even feeble. His indolence and attachment to convivial habits were dwelt upon, and some years elapsed before his reasoning powers and weight of character were recognized. So Troup wrote of Gallatin's appointment to the Treasury: "An appointment by all virtuous and enlightened men amongst us considered as a violent outrage on the virtue and respectability of our country." The death of Washington naturally received attention, and the whole nation was described as exhibiting "all the symbols and badges of grief. Our churches are all hung with black cloth and our bells have long been muffled. The tongue of envy and malice is dumb—and not a word and not a whisper is heard from any mouth but in the General's praise. . . . Jefferson has just arrived in Philadelphia. He has taken care to avoid all ceremonies of respect to the memory of Gen. Washington." Turning to affairs abroad, King describes the want of attention paid to Washington's death by the English court. The death was announced in the newspapers, but not in the *Gazette*.

"I attended the next Levee in full mourning; my colleagues made me the customary compliments of condolence, but the King, tho' he spoke to me as usual on other topics, took no notice of the occasion of my being in mourning, & was silent respecting America. The next day, being the Queen's drawing room, I was at court & in mourning, as on the preceding day; both the King & Queen observed the same reserve, as the King had before done. I went again to the Levee, still in mourning, & the King still maintained his former silence. The Ministers are not regular in their attendance & commonly come late; some of them were, however, present on each day, but none of them said a word to me concerning the Death of this great man; so I conclude, & the President, who well knows the character of this court, will think I had sufficient reason to do so, that this disrespectful omission &, as I consider it, want of magnanimity was a concerted neglect."

—The failure of the commission on damages under the sixth article of Jay's treaty, and the standing grievances on impressment, convoys, and rights of neutrals, formed the subjects which monopolized King's activity; and so judiciously did he do what was expected of him that Jefferson saw no reason to remove him when the Federalists had ceased to be in power. The editor has performed his task with discretion, and adds value to the record by making good some omissions in former volumes. The extracts from King's memoranda are interesting, although it is sometimes difficult to accept as historical the anecdotes he records. The proof-reading shows carelessness: Hopson's choice (p. 293); the names of Stoddert (p. 380) and Truxtun (382) are misspelled; while the letter in cipher on p. 398 could have been deciphered from the copy in the Department of State. The letter of Adams to Tench Coxe is accessible in the 'Life of Pinckney.' The word *brimberion* is described by Troup as having been coined by John Adams, although the word *brimborion* was a word in good usage in the last century and had been borrowed from the French.

—The inhabitants of Neuchâtel have been extremely proud of certain fragments of local chronicles, which were held to be of the fifteenth century, and to have been written by the canons Purry de Rive and Hugues de Pierre. They related the story of the battles of Morat and of Granson and other high ancestral deeds. A great scandal, therefore, came to pass when M. Pioget, a young archivist who had studied the chronicles more closely than others, put forth the opinion that they could not possibly be authentic. Much noise was raised around him, by which, happily, he was not at all intimidated, but only went on to a still closer examination of the old texts. He finds in them a great number of words and of turns of expression which were not in use till a century after the death of the pretended chroniclers. Some statements of fact also are singularly inexact, such as an allusion to the University of Bâle some twenty-five years before its foundation. Besides demonstrating the apocryphal character of the chronicle, M. Pioget has been able to indicate the manuscript sources from which it was drawn, and almost, if not quite, to unveil the fraudulent author of it. He must have belonged to the entourage of the Chancellor de Montmollin, if it were not Montmollin himself, who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The most earnest partisans of the authenticity of the chronicles have been obliged to yield to the abundance of M. Pioget's proofs, but they do it with rather a bad grace. Indeed, many of the Neuchâtelois appear to find the new discovery disconcerting.

PATER'S LAST ESSAYS.

Miscellaneous Studies: A Series of Essays by Walter Pater, late Fellow of Brazenose College. Prepared for the press by Charles L. Shadwell, Fellow of Oriel College. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THESE final gleanings of Mr. Pater's work lack, in some instances, the latest touch of his hand; but in none except the essay on Pascal can they be called incomplete. All that they want is unity; they are so many codicils to his studies in art or in literature. The most precious and significant are in the nature of autobiography. Mr. Pater's reader's will find them all characteristic and worthy of preservation; his admirers will consider one, at least, unique and indispensable.

The chapters on Raphael, on Romanino and Moretto of Brescia, on the Cathedral of Vézelay and Notre Dame d'Amiens, are the continuation, by a skilled and matured hand, of those eloquent essays on Botticelli and Luca della Robbia and Leonardo da Vinci which appeared more than twenty years ago. It is not for a mere layman to criticise these, but simply to express the opinion that fortunate indeed is the student who shall make his first acquaintance with these less-known painters, and with these cathedrals, under the guidance of such a cicerone. Mr. Pater here writes in the plain and direct manner of one who has much to tell and has complete mastery of his subject, one who has eyes to see what many cannot see by themselves, and who has all the historical equipment, the acquaintance with the life and thought of a period, without which even the artist's eye cannot see straight and intelligently. A far safer and less whimsical guide than Mr. Ruskin, a guide more poetically sensitive than Mr. Hamerton, we always feel that he is most inspiring, most felicitously occupied, when his theme is art. We are not now speaking as a connoisseur, but as a learner who has found in him his Virgilio, in some sort—his gracious and illuminating conductor in strange regions to whose atmosphere he was not born. To the literary critic, at any rate, it is quite clear that Mr. Pater moves most easily and most winningly, with fewer temptations and snares for his footsteps, when, as we have said, his theme is Art. When he is not treating of Art directly, he strays into it inevitably. His 'Marius' is a series of brilliant and imaginative pictures; his philosophy is the philosophy of an artistic spirit, of the Platonic lover of beauty.

The fundamental endowment of his nature is most strikingly revealed in the sketch entitled "The Child in the House," here first published in the collected works. It was called originally, when it appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, "an imaginary portrait"; but it is undoubtedly a portrait of Mr. Pater's own childhood. It has a singular interest and value because it sums up all the peculiarities of his style and manner, as well as of his temperament. It is a picture of an extremely sensitive artistic temperament, taken with all the shades, the nuances, of some peculiarly delicate process. This hyperæsthesia, which verges upon disease, which one sees distinctly reaching disease in many pages of Maupassant's 'La Vie Errante,' remained with Mr. Pater simply an exquisite organ, a superfine sense with which he took in the world so vividly that his impressions became far more real to him than any thoughts or processes of reason. He began "to assign," as he himself says, "very little to the abstract thought, and much to its visible vehicle or occasion. He came more and more to be unable to care for or think of soul but as in an actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and men and women look so or so, and press actual hands." One can understand from this how Marius proceeded in his conversion. He accepted, in the house of Cecilia, an ocular demonstration of the Christian religion. He saw there a family living lives of sweetness and charity, peace and contentment; he saw this life moving in an atmosphere of decorum and ritual that appealed to his taste and his sense of fitness: he looked upon the beauty of holiness, and he surrendered at discretion. It is not an intellectual process at all. There is no inquiry for credentials, no inquiry as to whether this belief be true or false. The intellect has no part in his choice any more than it has in the decision whether a

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woman is beautiful. We look and we make up our mind without hesitation. From the same natural bent proceeds his fondness for the ritual and symbolism of religion; his "love for the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen and holy vessels and fonts of pure water, its hieratic purity and simplicity, became the type of something he desired always to have about him in actual life." It is this same feeling that gives us the wonderfully sympathetic and vivid picture of the rites of Aesculapius, and of the Christian worship and ceremonial at the house of Cecilia—a scene which shows us what sort of familiar appeal may have won the minds of the early Christians at a time when their religion, "hardly less than the religion of ancient Greeks, translated so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen." As a final touch we have the confession that this passion for the visible emblems and consolations of religion was fed in the child's soul by his early fear of death, "a fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty."

The essay on Pascal is a further revelation of our author's temperament and of his necessary point of view. It would have received some additions if he had lived, but its general outline and drift would not have been altered. He describes the 'Pensées' as evincing a malady of genius, a typical malady of soul, which, he observes, anticipates certain modern conditions of thought—the ailing helplessness of Obermann, for example. Pascal's malady, he goes on to say, "reassures sympathetically, by a sense of good company, that large class of persons who are *malades* in the same way." "La maladie est l'état naturel des Chrétiens," he quotes with a sort of acceptance, and adds, "We are all ailing more or less with this disease," not perceiving the irony of his own admission nor the profound irony of Pascal's attitude in such an utterance. For the 'Pensées' present chiefly the spectacle of a powerful and penetrating intellect which has stultified itself by the acceptance of certain irrational dogmas, and which bears the consequence in an agonized endeavor to make this attitude square with the rational scheme of things. To achieve this impossibility, he wrests and twists his own powerful logic, he vilifies man, he vilifies the Deity whom he professes not to know. To his credit be it said that his yoke is too heavy for him to bear, and it causes him unutterable misery. With lesser spirits the penalty of such a surrender is a growing indifference to truth, a decay of conscience that ends in dishonesty; no sight is more pitiable to the student of human nature than the certainty with which this degeneracy affects certain classes of men, even the best of men. But, for Pascal, sincerity and power of intellect were a supreme endowment. He could not quench it without groaning and travail of spirit; he had made *il gran rifiuto*, the abdication of his own reason, and so he necessarily belonged to the class he so pathetically describes as the band of those "qui cherchent en gémissant." It is the tragedy of a Samson who has put out his own eyes. Yet it is a Samson who has not wholly succeeded in blinding himself; the light still glimmers, and the light gives pain, the mortal pain of a great intelligence at war with itself, an intelligence made to apprehend life and the world, not (like Mr. Pater's Marius) chiefly by the senses, but with the inward eye. To his serious apprehension, the æsthetic charms, the ritual of the Catholic Church were, indeed, as Mr. Pater himself admits, often weary and unprofitable, "an extra trial of faith." The vision of things must come to him not by their beauty, but by their reality, by their truth. And hence, with this fundamental sincerity, there is a horror of compromise, a tendency to paradoxes and contradictions, a readiness "to push all things to extremes." He is ready to push even his scepticism to an extreme.

Mr. Pater notes the influence of Montaigne on some of the "Thoughts," the *sceptical influence of Montaigne*, as he calls it. It is quite true that in those later years of illness described by his sister with a naïve fidelity of diagnosis, Pascal has lost the self-poise, the wit of the 'Lettres Provinciales'; he has parted company with the large and sane spirit, the transcendent good sense, of Montaigne, which looked so far and so serenely beyond the mists and prejudices and conventions of his time. But Mr. Pater fails to see that Pascal is never so thoroughgoing, so absolute a sceptic as when, in the 'Thoughts,' he denies altogether the validity of his own reason in favor of a mystical scheme inspired by an ecclesiastical authority. "Nous ne connaissons ni l'existence ni la nature de Dieu." "Il n'y a rien de si conforme à la raison que ce désaveu de la raison." Such phrases go far beyond the Pyrrhonism of Montaigne. We can hardly conceive them as uttered before that last period of shock and hallucinations and ascetic pietism which his sister so vividly portrays. They anticipate, it is true, the language of some theologians of the present century; yet they are the *ne plus ultra* of agnosticism, for they affirm not merely that we do not know, but that we cannot know, the realities of the Universe.

"Apollo in Picardy" is the realization of a conception which had haunted Mr. Pater's mind for many years, the earliest hints of it appearing in the series of papers on the Renaissance. It is a delicate fantasy played about a theme which Heine suggests. The exdeity Apollo, a wanderer to northern climes, brings to the chill seasons of Picardy an alien supernatural brightness, and plays strange pranks with the monastic brethren among whom he is a sojourner. Masquerading as Brother Apollyon, he still retains his lyre, and helps by its magic notes to raise the rhythmical and classic lines of some monastic edifice; he still keeps his bow, and his ancient dominion over the creatures of the forest; and, by the spell of his weird and baneful beauty, he ensnares, as of old, young Brother Hyacinth to wrestle and play quoits with him. It is a fatal game played on some late autumn evening, when the scene dissolves before the earliest blast of winter, and the vagabond god at last flees with the whirling leaves, tricksy and conscienceless, leaving the stain and suspicion of murder on the innocent mad Prior St. Jean. The antics of the exiled deity, wavering between monk and wizard and daemon, and retaining in his fallen estate the relics and reminiscences of his ancient dignities, are traced with the fine and dexterous strokes of learning and imagination which painted the Amazon in the "Hippolytus Veiled." It is a pretty bit of moonshine, lighting up the fretwork of some old ruin—a fancy which few writers would have dared to intrust to the matter-of-fact vehicle of prose.

But Mr. Pater likes to demonstrate that prose is not necessarily prosaic, that it is an instrument of many stops, from which a varied music may be drawn. The proof of this is easy enough, if you know how—*solvitur ambulando;* and Mr. Pater does offer us a rather convincing solution. Yet we like his work best when he is not pursuing these wire-drawn fancies and clothing them in a web of elaborate and ingenious spinning. We like him best when he is so charged with his subject that he has no time left to think of embroidery. Nothing that he has since done moves with a flow so free and impassioned as those early essays on the Renaissance. Nothing, for example, quite equals his description of Leonardo's "La Gioconda," as a spontaneous flight of sustained imagination and eloquence. There is many a paragraph in his later works that moves with curious artifice, on the wings of Icarus. But the flight makes us uneasy. There is something in the movement, tortuous, baffling, ineffectual; it affects us like some of the nocturnes of Chopin. These periods are intended to imitate with cunning carelessness the freedoms of conversation, its digressions and parentheses; but the art is too evident, it reminds us of Mr. Pater's favorite *askesis*. There is indeed too much *askesis* for the reader; and readers, with proper justice, object to any athletics of the understanding which are not demanded by the intrinsic weight and difficulty of the theme. Mr. Pater speaks somewhere of the "long victorious period"; some of his periods are long and not victorious—not victorious as Plato's longest periods, or like Mr. Ruskin's, both of which bear the reader without fatigue triumphantly on the wings of a passionate and powerful eloquence. Therefore it is that we most admire Mr. Pater when he lets himself go, when he forgets his artifice and yields to the current of thought and emotion of the moment. He did this oftenest, as was natural, in the ardor and abandon of youth.

But the word *abandon* can never be rightly used of any period of Mr. Pater's work. It was always under the control of an artistic conscience that tended to austerity. For, mingled with this pathetic precocity of the "Child in the House," that susceptible spirit nurtured on delicate and dainty sights and sounds, it is a singular trait to discover an admiration for the Spartan training of youth, whether in English schools or in Lacedæmon. The foundation for this admiration is, we suppose, the feeling for restraint and measure in art, for an *askesis* which may emerge in asceticism; and the theory that masculine beauty is developed by such training. This feeling is embodied in the imaginary portrait of Emerald Uthwart, which is the counterpart of the sketch of the Laconian "noble slavery," one of the most brilliant chapters on the Platonic system and ideas. Uthwart is a young Englishman with the ideal temperament of a soldier, the tastes of a scholar, and the susceptibilities of Mr. Pater's own childhood. He leaves Oxford after the training of an English school, and serves in a brief campaign in Flanders, where he receives an honorable wound. He is finally dismissed in disgrace because of some irregular exploit, which, though punished by a court-martial of martinets, won, after later investigation, the applause of his countrymen and the reversal of the military decision. The reversal comes too late, and he dies of the double wound at his heart. Uthwart is the embodiment of that *askesis* which Mr. Pater so much admires, of the monastic discipline and obedience, the vigorous rule in play and study, of a Rugby or a Winchester, "a sort of hardness natural to English youths," crowned by the subtler influences of Oxford, "the memory of which made almost everything he saw after it seem vulgar." This last sentence evidently comes from Mr. Pater's heart. No one can blame him for loving that one ideal shrine in the world of σχολή, of scholarly leisure and quiet,

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where wisdom may be worshipped and pursued in ideal temples, amid habitations which Plato himself might have found no less fitting than his own Academy.

SHAW'S MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Municipal Government in Continental Europe. By Albert Shaw. The Century Co. 1895.

THE interest now so generally felt in the improvement of municipal government in the United States is a natural development of civilization. Americans have been for many years occupied in subduing a new continent, and during this century the work has been pushed at a tremendous pace. Much remains to be done, but the task is no longer on the great scale of the past, and our present command of the resources of nature is so complete as to give us leisure to pay attention to our conquests Like men who, having accumulated a comfortable property, begin to think of improving their houses and adorning their grounds, our cities are awakening to the possibilities of better sanitation, smoother pavements, handsomer buildings, and more beautiful parks. As is usually the case, governing bodies lag behind public opinion, and we are therefore at present engaged in stimulating our rulers to more enlightened and honorable activity.

The popularity of Mr. Shaw's books is evidence of the growth of the municipal spirit in this country. The details of the administration of government, especially of the government of subordinate communities, are not intrinsically of an interesting character. But when the Anglo-Saxon conscience is aroused, as it is now aroused concerning municipal improvement, the natural aversion to details is overcome, and even statistical tables lose their terrors. Moreover, it is only fair to say, Mr. Shaw has the knack of coating his pills of information with a pleasant style, and he quickly leads his readers away from the analysis of tedious particulars to the contemplation of splendid results. Whatever criticism may be passed on his methods, it is undeniable that he succeeds in attaining what is probably his main purpose—the presentation to Americans of such magnificent ideals of civic progress as shall stimulate them to vigorous effort towards their realization.

Perhaps the most striking fact, to the ordinary American reader, of all that Mr. Shaw presents, is that European cities have recently been increasing their population at a more rapid rate than those of this country. We are so much in the habit of expatiating upon our wonderful progress as to make it startling to be told that since 1870 Berlin has overtaken and passed New York; that in thirty years Philadelphia has gained a half-million souls, while Berlin has gained a million; that in 1875 Hamburg and Boston had nearly the same number of inhabitants, while in 1890 Hamburg had almost 570,000 to 448,000 in Boston; and that during this period Hamburg's population has increased at twice the rate of that of Baltimore. Leipzig has distanced St. Louis and San Francisco; Cologne has in the last decade surpassed Cleveland, Buffalo, and Pittsburgh. So if we compare Munich and Breslau and Dresden and Magdeburg with American towns of corresponding size—Detroit, Milwaukee, Louisville, Albany, Rochester, and even Minneapolis—we find that the foreign cities have grown almost without exception faster than our own. Even Nuremberg, which we associate with the Middle Ages, increased its population between 1880–'90 from less than 100,000 to 142,000, while Providence grew only from 105,000 to 132,000. In some cases, Mr. Shaw observes, the annexation of territory affects these comparisons, but these cases probably offset each other. Moreover, if we take in the smaller towns, the general result is the same, and if we were to bring the comparison down to 1895, it would be even more favorable to the German towns.

It is quite evident that the plea of infancy, which we have perhaps been taught to make too much of by the protectionists, is no longer available to our cities. As a matter of fact, with the exception of an ancient core, the ordinary German city is newer than the American. If the foreign towns have surpassed our own in the quality of their development, we cannot longer excuse ourselves on the ground of youth, nor can we escape the conclusion that our own backwardness is due, not to any parsimony in public expenditure, but to lack of intelligence and honesty in our governments. Doubtless Mr. Shaw is somewhat carried away by his subject, and almost all foreign administration seems to him admirable. We shall presently take exception to some of his statements; but, making due allowance for the *couleur de rose*, we must admit that in the art of municipal government we have been fairly distanced by countries which our popular orators generally speak of as "effete."

As we have pointed out in commenting on Mr. Shaw's book about the English cities, there appears to be only one explanation of this. In all matters directed by private enterprise we need confess no shameful deficiency; it is in the administration of public affairs that we fail. At the same time, we are the only people whose municipal affairs are regulated by universal suffrage. The argument is conclusive that our form of government is one of the causes, if not the sole cause, of our backwardness. As we cannot expect to do away with universal suffrage, we must somehow manage to improve its results. Nothing can be cruder than to suggest that we have only to introduce foreign methods of administration in order to solve our problems. The matter is far more difficult than this. It is hard to account for the slackened rate at which our population increases unless it is explained by the burden of misgovernment. If we are to improve our cities, it must be done not by increasing the rate of taxation, but by economical and business-like expenditure. We have sufficient intelligence to keep up with the march of progress; but we cannot do so without adopting the methods employed in successful private enterprises.

For these reasons Mr. Shaw's book is disappointing. He lavishes praise on foreign methods and is ecstatic over foreign results, but he gives us comparatively little in the way of precise and definite statement that is useful for purposes of comparison. We find it quite impossible from his data to determine whether the administration of the government of Paris is economical or ruinously extravagant. He expatiates on the lighting system of that city—which is behind the times in its use of electricity—but he does not tell us how much it costs to produce gas, or how much the consumer has to pay for it. But unless we have these data we cannot tell whether the revenue derived from taxing the gas company is desirable revenue or not. This revenue is now 20,000,000 francs; but it is questionable if a tax upon light is, on the whole, advantageous, no matter how productive it may be. Mr. Shaw thinks it indisputable that if the city were to provide gas, the poor people of Paris would get it cheaper than now. Perhaps they would apparently have it furnished for nothing, like some other things; but what would become of the 20,000,000 of revenue, and who would finally pay the piper?

Again, if we wish to compare the results attained at Paris with those at Berlin, we must go elsewhere than to Mr. Shaw's book. The nearest approach to definite information may be found in the appendixes, where some scanty tables are presented as the budgets of these cities. On the face of these figures it would seem that the Police Department of Berlin cost 3,331,000 marks, while that of Paris cost 29,520,000 francs; that the care and management of the streets and parks of Berlin cost less than 4,000,000 marks, while in Paris the corresponding expense was not far from ten times as many francs; and that the salary account in Berlin was a little over 7,000,000 marks, against nothing under that head in Paris. In fact, wherever we have attempted to obtain exact results from Mr. Shaw's statements, we have failed so completely as to lead us to the opinion that he has depended mainly on what he has been told, and has seldom made any thorough investigation for himself.

Perhaps the most remarkable exhibition of Mr. Shaw's methods is to be found in his study of Paris, which occupies one-third of his book. We are there told that "all countries are under permanent obligations to the clear political philosophy that furnished the French Revolution with its principles," and it is intimated that this philosophy would require that the administration of Parisian affairs should be turned over to the Municipal Council. Concerning this body Mr. Shaw writes with less comprehension than can be obtained by any one from a file of Paris newspapers. He says that public exactions in Paris have not tended to exhaust the sources of private wealth, and then shows how rapidly the number of school children who cannot afford to pay for their own dinners has increased, how from 15,000 to 20,000 families annually have their rent paid by the City Council, how "thousands of honest men in temporary need" are boarded by the city in the free lodging-houses, and brings much other evidence tending to prove that the number of people unable to earn a living in Paris must be very great. Considering that the ordinary expenditures of the government of the city are 290,000,000 francs, of which about 111,000,000 francs is on account of its indebtedness; that the extraordinary expenses are nearly 50,000,000 francs more; that the debt is now 2,000,000,000 francs, practically all of which has been incurred within forty years; and that in addition to this the national charges are of a staggering magnitude, it seems a hasty conclusion that the sources of private wealth have not been affected. Undoubtedly there is much to show in Paris for all this expenditure, and Mr. Shaw is quite confident that very little money has been wasted, although he mildly cautions the authorities to resist the temptation to increase the bonded debt. But in what way the French people are to meet the charges of the war for which they have been so long waiting, when it at last comes, it is not easy to say; or rather it is clear that solvency can be maintained only by the preservation of peace.

Mr. Shaw is so resolutely optimistic that we are not surprised to find no allusion to the disposition of the Paris Council to subsidize strikers; a disposition formerly curbed by the general Government, but which in a recent case has been permitted to display itself outside of Paris. Of the Bourse du Travail he has only

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commendation to offer, being appparently ignorant of the capture of that institution by the communists, whose conduct became so scandalous as to compel the authorities to close its doors. We could multiply instances of this kind, which prove that for really scientific uses Mr. Shaw's book has slight value; but, as we have indicated, it has merits of another kind. It will at least arouse interest in matters of the highest importance, and will direct attention to the quarters from which the information that we need may be derived. It is a stimulating and suggestive essay, or collection of essays, and the way is now broken for some cool and clear-headed observer to lay before the American public the results of really scientific comparison of the methods of municipal government.

The Relief of Chitral. By Capt. G. J. Younghusband and Capt. F. E. Younghusband. Macmillan & Co. 1895. Pp. 183.

With Kelly to Chitral. By Lieut. W. G. L. Beynon. Edward Arnold. 1896. Pp. 160.

HARDLY a year passes without some little war being undertaken upon some part of the extensive frontier of the British Empire in India. None of these little wars has attracted such general interest in recent times as the operations conducted last spring for the relief of Chitral. The ordinary Indian frontier expedition is undertaken for the punishment of some rebellious tribe, or the subjection of some petty independent chieftain who has neglected to obey the orders of the Government of India. The Chitral expeditions had a more dramatic interest. A British agent was besieged by an overwhelming force of native tribesmen in a small hill-fort among the mountains of the Hindu-Kush, several hundred miles from the nearest military post; it was known that he had with him only a small force of Sikh and Kashmir troops. The season was the most unpropitious for mountain warfare; the enemy was brave and experienced, and the country through which alone relief operations could be conducted well-nigh impassable by reason of natural difficulties; and, to compare small things with great, the situation was similar to that in the Sudan in 1885, when the civilized world was marvelling at Gordon's heroic defence of Khartum, and wondering whether the relieving force hurrying up the Nile could arrive in time to save him.

It would take too long to narrate the events which brought about the dangerous situation of Dr. Robertson, the British agent. It is enough to say that Chitral is a small, mountainous state, 300 miles beyond the borders of British India, not far from the Pamir region, and nominally dependent on Kashmir. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the British Government in India was justified in interfering with such a distant and inaccessible country as Chitral, but, for good or for evil, it had interfered, and as a consequence its agent found himself in the month of March, 1895, besieged in a ruinous hill-fort, eighty yards square, with a garrison of 99 Sikh and 301 Kashmir infantry, by several thousand Pathans and Chitralis led by Umra Khan, a neighboring Pathan chief, and Sher Afzul, a pretender to the Chitral throne. It was necessary for the maintenance of British prestige that Dr. Robertson should be rescued at once, and, as soon as his desperate situation was known, two expeditions were sent to his relief, and the siege of Chitral was raised after a gallant resistance in which the garrison lost more than one-third of its numbers.

The volume written by the two brothers, Capt. G. J. Younghusband and Capt. F. E. Younghusband, gives an excellent account of the defence and the relief of Chitral. The siege lasted from the 4th of March to the 19th of April, and during the latter part of this period the garrison had to subsist on a scanty allowance of horse flesh. Umra Khan was an expert in mountain siege operations, and tried every method of attack; several attempts were made to set fire to the fortifications; a nearly successful effort was made to run a mine under the fort, which was frustrated only by a gallant sortie; and the walls were so weak that they had to be strengthened with empty boxes, and so full of gaps that carpets had to be hung across to prevent the enemy from picking off the defenders. Unceasing vigilance was necessary to prevent a surprise, and there were only three British officers available for duty. To add to the dismay of the garrison, information was received during the early part of the siege that two reinforcements, the one escorting a much-needed supply of ammunition, had been cut off, and that the British officer commanding one party had been killed with two-thirds of his men, while the British officers commanding the other party had been captured by Umra Khan.

The news of the siege, followed by the news of these disasters, caused the Government of India to direct a powerful force to be mobilized on the Punjab frontier, which was ordered to march due north through the valleys that formed the territory ruled by Umra Khan to the relief of Chitral. At the same time instructions were sent to Col. Kelly, who commanded a Sikh regiment which was making roads upon the northern frontier of Kashmir, to make an effort, if an effort were possible, to reach Chitral by advancing through the mountains first west and then south for some 300 miles. The larger expedition, which marched northwards from the northwestern corner of India, consisted of about 15,000 men, including six British regiments, and was commanded by Gen. Sir Robert Low. It crossed two lofty passes in spite of determined opposition, and fought several successful actions. Its operations caused Umra Khan to give up the command of the army besieging Chitral, and to return to the defence of his own villages, but it had not the honor of relieving the besieged garrison. This feat was accomplished by Col. Kelly, despite the smallness of his force (which consisted of only 400 Sikhs and some untrained native levies) and the exceptional difficulties of the country through which he had to pass. The operations of both Low and Kelly are described at length by the Younghusbands, who acknowledge in no grudging terms that the military honors of the campaign were earned by the gallant garrison of Chitral and the indefatigable officers and men of Col. Kelly's column.

Col. Kelly's operations form the subject of Lieut. Beynon's narrative, which is a naïve and simple record of the daily occurrences of an arduous march. Readers of Mr. Kipling's Indian stories will remember the tale told by "The Infant" in "The Conference of the Powers." Lieut. Beynon is simply "The Infant" in real life. The style, the language, the allusions, the narrative as a whole bear the unmistakable imprint of a Kipling story. Now it can be taken for granted that Lieut. Beynon is not imitating Kipling—his narrative is far too artless and natural for such a suspicion—and it is a further proof of Kipling's singular genius in assimilating the manner of thought and speech of the British subaltern on service in India that the words of Lieut. Beynon, relating real events, should read like the words of Mr. Kipling in one of his most characteristic stories. No higher praise can be given to Lieut. Beynon's personal reminiscences than this, and all who have enjoyed Kipling's tales of military life should make a point of reading them. They will find not only a narrative of sustained interest, giving an insight into the character of the young British officers of the present day, but also an account of natural difficulties heroically surmounted, of the crossing of a pass 12,400 feet high, covered by fresh fallen snow several feet deep, of two fights in which positions of the greatest strength were successfully stormed by a handful of native troops led by a few young Englishmen, and of perils and trials cheerfully faced by both officers and men. Both as a record of a gallant feat of arms and as a human document, few more fascinating volumes dealing with military action have been published in recent years than Lieut. Beynon's 'With Kelly to Chitral.'

The Gurneys of Earlham. By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of 'Memorials of a Quiet Life,' etc., etc. In two volumes. London: George Allen; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN these beautiful volumes, enriched with a remarkable series of "Goupil-tint" reproductions of portrait paintings and engravings, and also with many woodcuts and silhouettes, the editor comes to his task with an experienced hand, and if his success is less conspicuous than heretofore, the fault is less his own than that of the materials with which he had to work. To be virtuous and noble it is not necessary to write a good epistolary style, but to write such a style is necessary to the prosperity of a book made up largely of personal letters. And then, too, much that, in its day, may be quite admirable, passing from friend to friend, and very comforting and consoling under life's various sorrows, may suffer from the fierce light of general publicity, and from the changes that the expression of religious thought and feeling undergoes with the lapse of years. Sometimes, indeed, the flavor of antiquity is good. There is something quaint and racy in the religious phraseology of the earlier time that commends it to our appreciation. But as orthodox Quakers, profoundly affected by the Evangelical Revival, interlarding their letters with its phrases to the exclusion of the most characteristic forms of genuine Quaker speech, while retaining many of the most conventional and mechanical, the Gurneys often degenerate into a jargon that is wearisome to heart and mind.

In one way and another much that is printed here has been put within the reach of the reading public. Samuel Gurney and Joseph John, their sister Elizabeth Fry, and their brother-in-law, Thomas Fowell Buxton, have all had their biographies written, and incidentally something has been made known of their family connections. But Mr. Hare's predilection is preëminently for family biography, and what he has attempted here is to give a picture of the Gurney family, a record of their united experiences of domestic joy and sorrow, public service and reform, and religious development and change. It is certainly not strange that such a family attracted him to the attempt. If anything deterred him, it must have been the size of the family, for it numbered, the children of John Gurney and Cathe-

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rine Bell (a great-granddaughter of Barclay of Ury), twelve, born from 1776 to 1791. We cannot be too grateful for the tabulation of their names and those of their wives and husbands, with the dates of their births, marriages, and deaths. Without this help the labyrinth would be utterly bewildering, especially as there are uncles, cousins, and aunts, some of whom play a prominent part upon the crowded stage. Only one of the children died in infancy. Three of the sisters did not marry, but Joseph John married three times, his third wife acquiring no less than 119 nephews and nieces by her marriage, eleven of whom were the children of Elizabeth Fry, whose public cares imposed no check on the prolific habit of her house.

Earlham, the big, comfortable, beautifully situated house a few miles from Norwich, in which the children all passed their youth, and several of them their childhood, was rented from a family which had owned it for centuries, in 1786, and the Gurneys occupy it still. With its spacious rooms and grounds and its innumerable cupboards, it was a perfectly ideal house for eleven children to grow up in, and draw their lovers to, and get married from, and come back to, always thankfully, from time to time. Much the pleasantest part of Mr. Hare's book is that which reflects the happiness of the household during the years while the children were still young. The Quakerism of the father was much less strict than that of his children who continued in the faith, and we read of dances and gayeties and pomps and vanities that in after years Elizabeth Fry could not remember without pain. She was herself one of the gayest of them all until, in 1798, going to meeting profoundly conscious of a pair of purple boots with scarlet lacings, Friend William Savery from America excited in her a violent revulsion from her innocent happiness, and made her a Quaker of the plainest kind. None of the girls had taken kindly to the Quaker Meeting before this. It was in Goat's Lane, and to write in their journals that the meeting was disgusting was so inevitable that they were obliged to invent a formula, "Goat's was *dis*," to avoid laborious repetition.

They were a family of diarists, and the diaries of the children throw much light on their development. If not all "over-early solemnized," soon or late they all made large atonement for the brightness of their early years. Even their marriages were undertaken in a portentous and oppressive manner. Elizabeth's brought with it many anxieties. Her husband had not the Midas touch of the Gurneys, which turned everything to gold. But Samuel, the richest and most genial of them all, could always be trusted in an extremity. The defection of her children from her Quaker strictness was a sore grief to her, and, when they went over to the Established Church, she knew the bitterness of death. Two or three of her sisters went the same way, but with little or no abatement of their Quaker simplicity and severity. The evangelicalism of the Macaulays, Fenns, and Wilberforces engrafted on a Quaker stock brought forth much fruit of morbid self-depreciation and distrust of natural humanity. This effect was more positive and less agreeable in the case of Joseph John Gurney than with the others. All that was least simple and natural in Quakerism and the Clapham Sect seemed to coalesce in his theology and piety. He took himself with awful seriousness, sometimes mistaking his fondness for public speech for a leading of the spirit, and writing letters to his brothers and sisters in their affliction so devoid of natural sympathy that their elaborate consolation must have been hard to bear. There is only the briefest mention of his long visit to America, in the course of which he devoted himself more earnestly to smashing the Hicksites and the unorthodox abolitionists than to the anti-slavery testimony to which he had felt himself called. There was really very little of the Quaker left in him, although he accounted himself one of the strictest of the strict, and was so in the ordering of his speech and action. But his thinking was that of the Clapham Sect, his bibliolatry narrow and intense, with an insistence upon dogmas of which Fox knew but little and for which he cared even less. Now and then Mr. Hare is bold enough to "hint a fault or hesitate dislike" of his rigid dogmatism and formalism, but his best criticisms upon them are the contrasting qualities of Samuel Gurney.

All that relates to Mrs. Fry's endeavors to alleviate the miseries of prison discipline is interesting, but gives no new impression. In her "journeyings often" in furtherance of these endeavors, the simplicity of her nature must have been in frequent danger from the adulation of nobility and royalty—a tribute in part, we are compelled to think, to the commercial standing of her brothers. She was not unconscious of this danger, though when she wrote of herself as "undermined with excessive love," it was her love for others that she was thinking of. But the danger which she most feared, and with best reason, was from the adulation of her sectarian friends. "I have," she wrote, "passed through many and great dangers, many ways; I have been tried with the applause of the world, and none know how great a trial that has been and the deep humiliation of it; and yet *I fully believe it is not nearly so dangerous as being made much of in religious society.* There is a snare even in religious unity if we are not on the watch." The italics are presumably Mr. Hare's. They do not exaggerate the importance of the warning words.

Everywhere in these volumes we breathe an atmosphere of social sympathy and reform. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who married Hannah Gurney, was Wilberforce's first lieutenant, and carried through the West India Emancipation to its conclusion after Wilberforce's death (like that of Moses) in full vision of the promised land. But this great business is not dwelt upon, much self-denial being necessary to an editor who has taken so large a contract as the Gurney family on his hands. To so large a family, death must be a frequent visitor, and the details of sickness and death obscure many pages with their clouds and mournful light. There are other pages that can be less safely skipped than these. The combination of plain thinking with high living which was characteristic of a family at once so pious and so rich, affords perhaps the most characteristic feature of the book. There is much to admire, and, even where our admiration halts, our interest is sustained by the exhibition of instructive traits of character, which, failing to attract us, warn us of something to avoid.

From Blomidon to Smoky, and Other Papers. By Frank Bolles. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. 8vo, pp. 278.

Among these essays are several which are merely accounts of excursions; these are delightful and well worth preservation in book form. It is not from them, however, that the volume derives its greatest value; the title furnishes no hint of what is most important in the contents. Ten of the thirteen chapters are filled with notes on birds in freedom and on birds in captivity. In these there is much that was new, much that was necessary before the life histories could be written, and this gives the work a place and permanence that could not have been secured without it. Mr. Bolles was an excellent field naturalist, and he resorted to the haunts of nature's children, alert in every sense, to learn of them, not to close his eyes and dream. He gathered a great deal, all of which was open to everybody, yet much of which was new to literature, and some of which was at first received with question. When he first announced that the sapsucker in chosen groups of trees, "orchards," drilled the trunks for sap, "bird men" somewhat generally smiled in a knowing way, for they knew the bird to be an insectivore, and certain of their number had shown beyond doubt that the little woodpecker was seeking the insect in the tree, and certain others had proved conclusively that the holes were bored to start the sap to attract the insects, that the bird might catch them. "Oh, yes; very likely the bird was laughing at him!" But the observer knew the scientist was doing all the laughing, and, to satisfy him, the drills were watched for weeks, observations were taken betimes from morning till night, and besides all this some of the birds were taken and kept for months, feeding almost entirely upon diluted syrup. Then it was admitted as not at all improbable that the birds in pursuit of the insects might acquire a taste for sap, and it was also conceded that our author himself might be an ornithologist.

An enthusiastic sympathy with nature pervades the text, and Mr. Bolles's style is so earnest and convincing that, after perusal of his pages, one feels as if he could never meet those birds without memories of "Puffy," "Fluffy," and the others, or of how they told the author of their habits and peculiarities as he called them about him in the woods. We like the book; we can only regret that death has denied us more from the same pen.

Beautiful Houses: A Study in House-Building. By Louis H. Gibson, Architect. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1895. Pp. xi, 346.

That house-building is an art, and that its best developments have arisen from the needs of the future occupants and their instinctive sense of what would suit them best, are the safe propositions to the proving of which one-half of this book is devoted. The domestic architecture of the past is discussed in 130 pages with an abundant supply of illustrations, and many of the pictures in the second and larger division of the book also are available as illustration of earlier chapters. The discussion of English domestic architecture, pages 91 to 107, is appreciative and judicious, the illustrations are well chosen, and the reader wishes for more of it, and for the omission of the not very appropriate or very well managed discussion of the transition from Gothic to Classic which is interpolated. The discussion of American "Old Colonial" buildings, which follows on page 127, seems very oddly separated from the English chapter above. It is true that the English domestic architecture of the Georgian epoch is not mentioned in the discussion of English examples, but the American Colonial architecture is a variant of the architecture of George II. and George III., and the mention of that fact at page 127 would have steadied the mind of the inquirer. The very curious conception of Continental domestic architec-

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ture—namely, that it is fine in its larger and statelier manifestations, but inferior in its simpler forms—which is to be found put into words on page 91, page 103, and elsewhere, naturally sends the author to England and America for examples which may be useful to modern builders. It is in no way surprising that the actual and the possible connection between ancient and modern design is imperfectly made out, for to have done this thoroughly would have involved much serious work; but perhaps the reader has a right to expect some suggestions of the reason why the modern houses, however well adapted to their owners' wants, are without artistic merit, while the ancient buildings have always character and frequently beauty. In this respect there is no connection between the first and the second halves of this book. In the one we are told of the spirited and interesting buildings of the past, and in the other we are shown how modern houses are made comfortable, convenient, pleasant to live in, hygienic, and ugly. Each of these is a good essay in its way, and perhaps it is hypercriticism to complain that they are not connected by any comparison of the social influences which made for good art in the one case, and which make for unbeautiful confusion in the other; but we had been encouraged to hope for it by the generally wise suggestions of the first part.

The numerous illustrations, taken from many different books as well as directly from the buildings, contain a great deal of valuable material, but the appearance of the book is marred by their extremely diverse character.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, Hans. Fritz auf Ferien. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 20c.
Baker, Prof. G. P. Shakspere's Midsummer Night's Dream. Longmans, Green & Co.
Baptie, David. Sketches of English Glee Composers. London: William Reeves; New York: Scribners. $1.75.
Becke, Louis. The Ebbing of the Tide: South Sea Stories. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. $1.25.
Beresford Webb, H. S. Storm's Immensee. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Boas, F. S. Shakspere and his Predecessors. Scribners. $1.50.
Borrow, George. The Bible in Spain. 2 vols. Putnams. $4.
Brandes, Georg. Das junge Deutschland. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig: H. Barsdorf; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Brown, Alice. The Road to Castaly. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.
Burke, Edmund. Conciliation with the American Colonies. American Book Co. 20c.
Cabrera, Raimundo. Cuba and the Cubans. Philadelphia: The Levytype Co.
Carpenter, Edith. Your Money or Your Life. Scribners. $1.25.
Cavalry Studies from Two Great Wars. [International Series.] Kansas City: Hudson Kimberly Publishing Co.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. A Flash of Summer: The Story of a Simple Woman's Life. Appletons. $1.
Coleridge, S. T. The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. American Book Co. 20c.
Collins, May. A Plea for the New Woman. Truth Seeker Co. 10c.
Corelli, Marie. The Mighty Atom. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Cosmian Hymn Book. Truth Seeker Co. 50c.
Crawford, F. M. A Roman Singer. Macmillan. 50c.
Crowest, F. J. The Story of British Music. Scribners. $3.50.
Curtis, W. E. Venezuela: A Land where it's always Summer. Harpers. $1.25.
De Quincey, Thomas. Revolt of the Tartars. American Book Co. 20c.
Dickinson, Mary L. From Hollow to Hilltop. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society. 50c.
Drayson, Gen. A. W. Whist Laws and Whist Decisions. Harpers. $1.
Fairbrother, W. H. The Philosophy of Thomas Hill Green. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Groome, F. H. Kriegspiel: The War-Game. Ward, Lock & Bowden. $1.50.
Hawthorne, Julian. A Fool of Nature. Scribners. $1.25.
Hawthorne, Julian. Mr. Dunton's Invention. Merriam Co. 50c.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The House of the Seven Gables. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 60c.
Heard, John. Esquisses Mexicaines. Paris: Ollendorff.
Hepworth, G. H. The Farmer and the Lord. E. P. Dutton & Co. 75c.
Hervey, W. L. Picture Work. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. 30c.
Hinsdale, Prof. B. A. Studies in Education. Chicago: Werner School Book Co.
Justice, Malbelle. Love Affairs of a Worldly Man. F. T. Neely. 25c.
Keltie, J. S. The Statesman's Year-Book. 1896. Macmillan. $3.
Lamothe, A. de. The Outlaw of Camargue. Benziger Bros. $1.25.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. XLVI. Pocock-Puckering. Macmillan. $3.75.
Lindley, E. Marguerite. Health in the Home. New York: The Author.
Loti, Pierre. Pêcheur d'Islande. W. R. Jenkins. 60c.
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